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THE
SPIRIT OF AMERICA
—
BOOK TWO



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*Young America on Parade: The Boy Scouts Marching on Fifth Avenue, New York, in the
June, 1919, Campaign for Members*

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

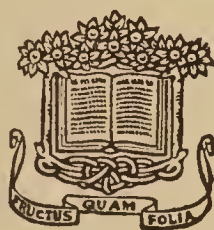
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BOOK TWO



GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1920

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PREFACE

THE Spirit of America has expressed itself in literature and history throughout our entire period of existence in the western world. In public addresses, in books and pamphlets, in prose and poetry, this literature of devotion to American ideals may be found. These books, "The Spirit of America," endeavor to bring together materials that will show forth the spirit which is America. Book Two is largely biographical. The high qualities of patriotic devotion to country are embodied in the great persons who have made America—soldiers, pioneers, statesmen, inventors—all freemen and the sons of freemen.

This opportunity cannot be passed by without acknowledgment of the admirable spirit of coöperation which publishers have shown us in the preparation of these books. Specific mention of courtesies and helps from publishers is given with each selection.

ABRAM ROYER BRUBACHER
JANE LOUISE JONES

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THE
SPIRIT OF AMERICA

BOOK TWO

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

HENRY HUDSON

SUPPOSE you had never seen or even heard of an airship; and then one day, as you were coming out of school, a big biplane with its spreading white wings and roaring motors came gliding down from the clouds and landed on your playground. Can't you imagine how surprised, excited, and even a little frightened you and your companions would be?

That is the way the Indians of Manhattan Island felt when for the first time they saw a ship approaching their peaceful harbor.

This ship, called the *Half-Moon*, was commanded by Henry Hudson, an adventurous Englishman who had sold his services to a Dutch trading company. He was trying to find for his employers a route to India which would be shorter than the old one around the cape of Africa. After six months at sea he came to what we know as New York Harbor in Septem-

ber, 1609, two years after John Smith had founded his colony at Jamestown.

Excitedly the Indians thronged to the shore, trying to discover the nature of the strange object.

"It's a bird," declared a young brave. "I can see its white wings."

"Or a fish," suggested another, "swimming or floating on the sea."

"No," cried one who had sharper eyes than the others, "it's a wigwam or a very large canoe."

Fearful of some approaching calamity, they sent out runners and water-men to call the chiefs together. Some wanted to hide in the woods, but the wise men of the tribe thought it best for all to remain on the shore.

The first water-man returned, crying, "It's a canoe, and Mannitto himself comes to visit us."

At this the red men became more excited than ever, for Mannitto was the Supreme Being whom they worshiped. They feared that they had incurred his displeasure and that he was coming to punish them.

As rapidly as possible, the squaws provided meat for a sacrifice and prepared their best food. The braves bedecked themselves in their gayest feather-robcs and most precious copper ornaments. As well as they could in all the confu-

sion, they started a dance in honor of the Great Spirit.

Other messengers returned, saying, "It is a canoe of many colors and crowded with living creatures whose faces are white. Only one—Mannitto himself—is red."

The large canoe stopped. In a small one the man who wore red clothes came ashore with a few of his servants. Cordially he greeted the chiefs, who gathered in a circle. They grunted in friendly fashion and wondered to themselves why the Supreme Being had a white skin.

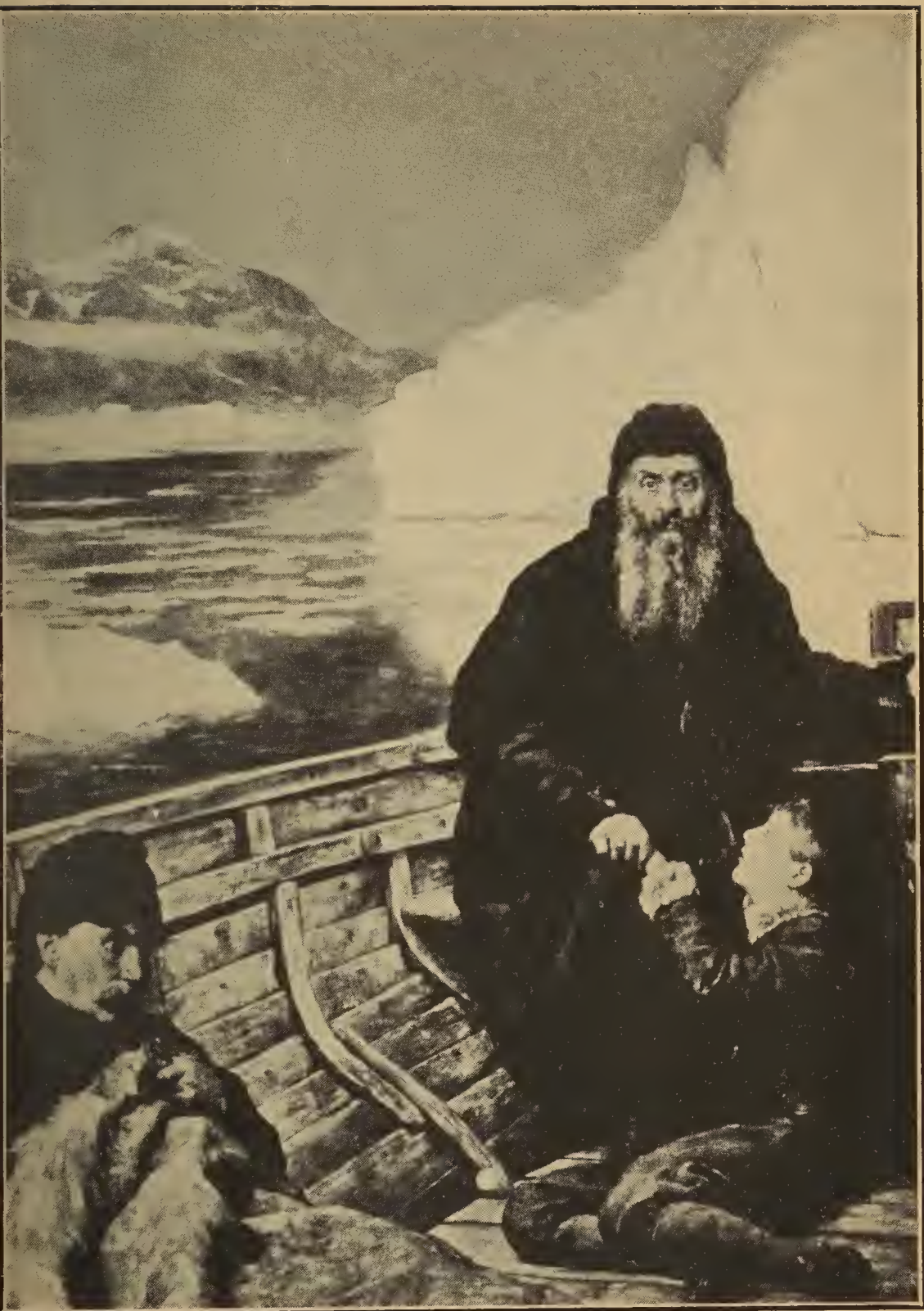
Then Hudson, who was the supposed Mannitto, had one of his crew pour some liquor into a glass. He bowed to the company, drank, had the glass refilled, and handed it to the chief next to him. He smelt of the liquor and passed it to the next chief, who did the same. It was coming back to Hudson, untasted, when one, more self-sacrificing than the others, said that, rather than offend the Great Spirit, he would drink the strange-smelling water. Fully expecting to die, he bade farewell to his countrymen and gulped the contents of the glass.

Soon he began to stagger, then fell down in a deep sleep, and seemed about to breathe his last. The people, who mourned him as dead, were astonished when a few hours later he jumped up

and asked for more of the Mannitto's "fire-water." Encouraged by his example, all the chiefs demanded rum and drank till they were intoxicated.

In giving them liquor Hudson was simply following the custom of the time and meant to do them no harm. His sailors later treated the Indians cruelly, one white man losing his life in consequence; but their master was kind to the savages. Pleased by their friendly reception, he gave them presents which delighted their hearts, although, in their ignorance, they used the stockings as tobacco-pouches and hung the axes and hoes from their necks as ornaments.

From New York Harbor the *Half-Moon* ascended the river to a point near the present city of Albany. Hudson realized that this stream was not the channel between two seas for which the Dutch merchants were looking, but he was not discouraged. He had found the finest harbor he had ever seen and a long, navigable river well supplied with fish and bordered by unbroken stretches of forest. Here was an abundance of timber for Dutch sailing vessels and a pleasant, fruitful country for settlers who might wish to trade with the Indians. Surely this discovery would be of value to Holland.



Hendrik Hudson's Last Voyage: Adrift in Hudson's Bay

On his way home he stopped at Dartmouth, England, where he was detained by King James, who forbade his leaving the country and laid claim to the territory he had explored. Hudson managed, however, to send an account of his discovery back to Holland.

The next year he started on what proved to be his last voyage. This time he sailed for Englishmen who wished to find a northern route to India.

Sturdily the little *Discoverer* pushed north past the Orkney Islands, past Iceland and Greenland, down through the strait and into the bay which now bears Hudson's name. There were many difficulties, but nothing could shake the splendid courage of the master. Contrary winds, biting cold, sickness, and hunger only strengthened his resolve to make that voyage count in the history of the world. He was determined not to turn back before he had found a passage to the Indies.

It would seem as if any crew would be glad to follow so brave a master, but Hudson's were a cowardly, mutinous lot who always blamed him when things went wrong. They plotted to get rid of him and sail by themselves to England.

One day they actually put Hudson, his seven-year-old son, and six sailors, who were lame or sick, into a boat. They gave them some powder

and shot, a gun, an iron pot, and a little meal, and cast them adrift on the icy bay.

Just before they left, Philip Staffe, a man whom the wicked crew wished to keep because of his skill as a carpenter, refused to go with them. They were, he declared, a pack of thieves who would all be hanged when they reached England. Of his own will he got into the small boat, resolved to cast his lot with his master's. His loyalty must have been of some comfort to Hudson as he saw the *Discoverer* "let fall the mainsail, out with the topsails, and fly as from an enemy."

That is the last that is known of the brave explorer. Ships which the King of England sent to rescue him could never find a trace of the forsaken men. It is thought that they soon perished of cold and hunger.

But Hudson's fame will never die as long as there are Americans to tell the story of his heroism. As a result of his voyage in 1609, the Dutch, who were a very thrifty, energetic people, settled in this country. They erected forts, established a flourishing fur trade with the Indians, and maintained great estates along the banks of the Hudson River. For trinkets worth about twenty-five dollars they bought from the Indians the entire Island of Manhattan, which is to-day the richest section of land in the world.

They called their colony in this country New Netherlands, and it kept the name until 1664. Then the English, getting possession of the territory, rechristened it New York.

Now when we think how great the State of New York has become, we realize our debt to Hudson. Through his courage and thoroughness, the Hollanders settled here and the whole world learned of the harbor and river which have helped to make the country prosperous.

HENRY HUDSON'S QUEST*

OUT from the harbor of Amsterdam

The *Half-Moon* turned her prow to sea;
The coast of Norway dropped behind,

Yet Northward still kept she
Through the drifting fog and the driving snow,
Where never before man dared to go:

"O Pilot, shall we find the strait that leads to the
Eastern Sea?"

"A waste of ice before us lies—we must turn
back," said he.

Westward they steered their tiny bark,

Westward through weary weeks they sped,
Till the cold gray strand of a stranger-land,
Loomed through the mist ahead.

*Reprinted by permission of the author and of the publishers, *The Youth's Companion*.

League after league they hugged the coast,
And their Captain never left his post:

“O Pilot, see you yet the strait that leads to the
Eastern Sea?”

“I see but rocks and the barren shore; no strait
is there,” quoth he.

They sailed to the North—they sailed to the
South—

And at last they rounded an arm of sand
Which held the sea from a harbor’s mouth—
The loveliest in the land;

They kept their course across the bay,
And the shore before them fell away:

“O Pilot, see you not the strait that leads to the
Eastern Sea?”

“Hold the rudder true! Praise Christ Jesu! the
strait is here,” said he.

Onward they glide with wind and tide,
Past marshes gray and crags sun-kist;
They skirt the sills of green-clad hills,
And meadows white with mist—

But alas! the hope and the brave, brave dream!
For rock and shallow bar the stream:

“O Pilot, can this be the strait that leads to the
Eastern Sea?”

“Nay, Captain, nay; ’t is not this way; turn
back we must,” said he.



From a Painting by Albert Beirstadt in the American Museum of Natural History, New York
The Landing of Columbus in the New World

Full sad was Hudson's heart as he turned
The *Half-Moon's* prow to the South once
more;
He saw no beauty in crag or hill,
No beauty in curving shore;
For they shut him away from that fabled main
He sought his whole life long, in vain:
"O Pilot, say, can there be a strait that leads
to the Eastern Sea?"
"God's crypt is sealed! 'T will stand revealed
in His own good time," quoth he.

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON.

COLUMBUS*

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"
"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak,"
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave dashed his swarthy cheek.

*Reprinted by permission of the Harr Wagner Publishing Company.

“What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but the seas at dawn?”

“Why, you shall say at break of day:

‘Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!’”

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:

“Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,

For God from these dread seas is gone.

Now speak, brave Admiral; speak and say—”

He said: “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the
mate:

“This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.

He lifts his lip, he lies in wait,

With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word;

What shall we do when hope is gone?”

The words leapt as a leaping sword:

“Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night,
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn;
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

JOHN SMITH

THE FOUNDER OF VIRGINIA

IN December, 1606, three small ships set out from England for the shores of America. There were on board, besides the crew, one hundred and five men. Of these only twelve had ever worked with their hands. The others called themselves "gentlemen" and were braving the perils of the sea in order to get rich quickly in America.

Their ships came in April, 1607, to what is now Virginia. They entered Chesapeake Bay and sailed up a beautiful river, which they named "James" for King James of England. The place where they settled they called Jamestown.

To the men, weary of long months at sea, the country seemed a paradise. The air was heavy with the fragrance of flowers. The trees and hills appeared more beautiful than those of old

England. The strawberries, oysters, and wild ducks, which they found, tasted better than any food they had ever eaten. So these gentlemen very foolishly settled down to a life of idling, eating, and drinking.

Fortunately, there was one among the number who was more sensible than the others. This was Captain John Smith, soldier and adventurer. He saw that the woods were full of Indians, who might turn against the white men at any time. He realized that the food in the ships would not last forever, and that the men should be raising corn instead of loafing or hunting for gold.

But Smith could not persuade the colonists to work. They disliked his interference and said that he wanted to be King of Virginia. They even refused to let him sit in the council which governed the colony.

The weather grew hot, and a terrible fever broke out among the settlers. Food became scarce, and every day three or four men died from sickness or famine.

John Smith, as he heard the groans of the sick and the starving, decided to come to the rescue. Hastening to an Indian village near by, he demanded corn of the savages. When they refused it, he fired upon them and captured their war-god, Okee. This was only an idol

made of skins, stuffed with moss and leaves, and decorated with beads; but it was very precious to the Indians. To ransom Okee, they brought venison, turkeys, and bread. Then, as a sign of friendship, they danced and sang till Smith departed.

Upon his return to the colony, conditions there began to improve. The amount of sickness grew less and food became more plentiful. Smith set the men to mowing, binding, thatching, and building houses. He made them work hard; but always he kept the most difficult task for himself.

After a time he felt that he could leave the colony in order to explore the surrounding country. With nine settlers and two Indian guides, he started up the Chickahominy River. After a few days' sailing, he found the river so narrow and shallow that he had to leave his boat and proceed in a canoe.

He landed and was going through the woods with one of his guides when he was suddenly attacked by two savages. They captured him and carried him from one chief to another, until they came at last to the great emperor, Powhatan.

This chief hated the whites and was glad to have their leader in his power. At his order, warriors seized Smith, tied his hands behind him,

and placed his head upon two large stones. With clubs raised, they stood ready to beat out his brains, when Pocahontas, the chief's little daughter, rushed forward, threw her arms about the poor prisoner's neck and begged her father to spare his life. Powhatan, moved by his daughter's plea, relented and allowed John Smith to return to Jamestown.

Pocahontas, after this adventure, often visited the colony and became fond of the white people and their ways. Once, when she learned that her father was going to lead an attack against them, she stole away in the night, traveled through the woods during a heavy storm, and warned her friends of their danger. When Powhatan came, he found the colonists prepared and gave up the idea of attacking them.

John Smith, through his courage and energy, became president of the council and leader of the colony. He established the rule that no man should eat who would not work. Most of the settlers saw the justice of this and learned to disregard callous hands and blistered feet. They actually began to like work.

Then, just as the colony was really prospering, Smith met with a serious accident on the James River. While he was asleep in his boat, a bag of gunpowder exploded and severely wounded

him in the thigh. To relieve the pain, he jumped into the water and almost drowned before his companions rescued him. At Jamestown he found a ship about to sail for England, which he boarded in order to go to London for medical treatment. He never returned.

His work, however, lived after him. The prosperity which he had established continued. Out of the colony which he had saved from utter ruin grew the great Commonwealth of Virginia.

OUR PILGRIM FATHERS

LIFE IN ENGLAND

WILLIAM BREWSTER looked anxious as he snuffed the candles which flickered in the big room of the manor house.

“Mary,” he said to his wife, who was sitting near, “it is past time for our friends to come. I fear they have again fallen into the hands of the officers.”

At that minute there came at the door a sharp tap-tap which made Mary Brewster jump. Her husband crossed the room quickly and let in a number of men and women with faces as grave as his own. Soon others followed, a few at a time, until the room was almost full.

These people were farmers who lived in the little villages of Scrooby and Austerfield in England. They rented land of the rich and powerful Archbishop of York and paid the rent to William Brewster, who was the Archbishop's agent. Most of them, except Brewster, were poor; but even so, they would have been happy if they could have worshiped God as they pleased.

At that time in England everybody was required by law to attend the church established by the state. The people could not decide what the services should be like or choose their own clergymen. Everything connected with the Church was arranged by bishops who were controlled by the King.

The men and women who were gathered at William Brewster's house did not like the form of service in the Established Church, and they thought that many of the bishops and ministers were wicked. Feeling that it was really a sin to worship in the old way, they broke the law by choosing a minister of their own and holding services by themselves. Because of this, some of them had been arrested and kept in jail for months while others knew that their homes were watched night and day.

Now they had met to decide whether they would remain in England or leave for another



Signing the Pilgrims' Compact on Board the "Mayflower"

land. John Robinson, their minister, explained the situation.

“Friends,” he said, “the time has come when we must determine definitely what course we will take. Shall we stay here to endure persecution and perhaps death at the hands of our enemies or shall we go to Holland, where we can worship God as we think right and bring up our children in peace? Let us hear first from our good William Brewster.”

At this William Brewster, who had lived in Holland as a young man, told the people what he remembered of that country. He said the Dutch were thrifty and exceedingly neat. They had well-kept roads and comfortable homes. Some tilled the soil while others manufactured cloth or worked in the big fisheries. Many of the common people could read and write, for there were good schools and free instruction for poor children. Best of all, there was religious freedom. In that land they could worship as they pleased.

“But,” said one of his listeners, “I have heard that the Hollanders often fight with other nations. We do not wish to expose our children to the perils of war.”

“And we do not know the language,” said another.

“How could we get away from here?” questioned a third. “No one can leave England without permission, and the officers would never let us go.”

Mr. Brewster answered the people, patiently. He explained that other men and women from other countries had fled to Holland and had been able to dwell there peacefully, to learn the language, and to make a living. It seemed to him that the people of Scrooby could do as well. Their departure from England, of course, would have to be a secret. He himself would make the arrangements.

After much talking and many earnest prayers, the people decided that they would become pilgrims to Holland. Even the women, who wept at the thought of leaving Scrooby, felt that the right to worship God in their own way would be worth any hardships.

They left for Holland in 1608.

LIFE IN HOLLAND

In spite of many perils on land and sea, the company arrived at Amsterdam, where they lived for about a year. From there they went by canal-boat to Leyden, and learned the various trades connected with the making of cloth.

Instead of tilling the soil as they had done in England, they washed wool, combed it, or dyed it dark brown or black. The more skilled spun it into thread or wove the thread into heavy, coarse cloth.

They worked hard, but they received such small wages that they remained very poor. Even the little children had to toil all day long instead of going to school as their parents had planned.

The young people themselves hated their dreary lives. As they grew older, some of the boys became soldiers and some ran away to sea. Others married into Dutch families and became in their language and dress just like the people of Holland. This made the Pilgrims sad for although they had been badly treated in England, they thought of themselves as English and they wanted their children to speak the English language and keep to the English ways.

William Brewster became a printer and published a number of books which exposed the faults of King James of England. Some of these books got back to England and made the King so angry that he sent his ambassador in Holland to hunt down the printer. The ambassador did not catch William Brewster, but he seized the man who had furnished Brewster money, and he took away the printing press.

All of these difficulties made the Pilgrims discontented in Holland and some of them decided to go to America. So about ten years after their last meeting at Scrooby they gathered again to plan a journey to a far country. This time, in Leyden, they met at the home of John Robinson, where they were in the habit of holding their services.

“Have you decided, my good people,” the minister asked, “to which part of America you wish to go?”

“I think,” said John Carver, who had been to England to find out about the matter, “that we had better go to the northern part. In the south there are cruel Spaniards and savages who eat the flesh of white men.”

“Could we not go to Virginia?” someone asked.

“That does not seem wise,” said John Robinson. “The settlers of John Smith’s colony belong to the Established Church and they would not welcome people who had separated from that church. We might be persecuted as we were in England.”

There was much arguing about the matter; but it was finally decided that those who did not remain in Holland would go to the northern part of America, which they would call New England.



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Plymouth Rock

THE VOYAGE OF THE "MAYFLOWER"

Soon thirty-five of the Leyden Pilgrims started out in a boat named the *Speedwell* and sailed to Southampton, England. There they were joined by another boat called the *Mayflower*, which also carried emigrants to America. After a day or two at sea, a sailor rushed to the captain of the *Speedwell*, crying, "It leaks! It leaks!" Greatly alarmed, the captains of the two boats turned back to Dartmouth, the nearest port, repaired the leak, and started out again. After they had sailed a little way, the same cry rang out, and again the boats turned back, anchoring at Plymouth.

Here they found the *Speedwell* was leaking so badly that it was decided to leave her behind. Twenty of her passengers, discouraged by the bad start, returned to their homes. The others took their baggage and boarded the *Mayflower*, which now carried twenty seamen and one hundred and two passengers.

The most prominent among the passengers were Elder Brewster; John Carver, whom the Pilgrims elected their first governor before they landed in America; William Bradford, who became the second governor; Edward Winslow; and Captain Miles Standish, their military

leader. John Robinson, to the great sorrow of his people, had not been able to come.

At first the weather was fair; but when the ship was in mid-ocean, a terrible storm arose and strained the boat so badly that it bowed and cracked one of the main beams. Even Captain Jones and his sailors, who had weathered many storms, grew anxious. It seemed as if the *Mayflower* would go to the bottom.

Happily there was on board a great iron screw which had been brought from Holland. With this the sailors were able to force the beam into place, and the Pilgrims proceeded on their way to America.

LIFE IN AMERICA

After more than two months at sea, eighteen of the company landed in what is now the State of Massachusetts at a place which they called Plymouth, for the Plymouth in England from which they sailed. This landing was on December 21, 1620. All of the passengers spent Sunday, December 27, on board the *Mayflower* in Plymouth Harbor. You can imagine with what thankful hearts the wanderers listened to Elder Brewster, who was now their minister, as he prayed, read from the Bible, and preached.

The next day the men began felling trees and sawing huge logs with which to build their homes. The first dwelling they erected was a large common house in which to care for the sick, store their provisions, and hold services.

During the hard weeks which followed, many of the Pilgrims, since they were constantly exposed to the wind and wet, fell ill of colds and pneumonia. In January and February all but two were sick for a short period at least. At one time only Elder Brewster and Captain Miles Standish, with five others, were able to be about and look after the sick.

They cut wood, built fires, cooked the food, made the beds, and cared for their patients as best they could. Night after night they stole out to bury the dead secretly so that the Indians would not realize how defenseless the colony was.

“All this,” William Bradford tells us in his “History of Plymouth Plantation,” they did “willingly and cheerfully without any grudging in ye least, showing herein their true love unto their friends and brethren.”

One day in April, after most of the people who did not die had recovered, Governor Carver asked Miles Standish to have the drum sounded to summon all of the people to the Common

House. Once more the Pilgrims were to have an important meeting to plan for the future.

“In a few days,” said Governor Carver, “the good ship *Mayflower* sails back to England and Captain Jones is willing to take with him any who wish to go. Let those who do, speak now.”

You must remember that there were only about fifty of them left. They were surrounded by savages who might at any time swoop down upon them. They had the poorest sort of homes, ragged clothing, and very little food. It hardly seemed as if they could survive another winter. But—wonder of wonders!—not one Pilgrim was willing to go back to England. They felt that God had spared them to found a free land and they were resolved to do it.

There could be no braver people. To-day men and women all over the United States are proud to say that they are directly descended from the courageous men and women who founded Massachusetts. They call them “Our Pilgrim Fathers.” But, in one way, they are the Pilgrim fathers of us all, although our parents may not have been born in this country and we may have in our veins no drop of English blood. They have handed down to all American citizens a love of freedom and a determination to endure any hardship for the sake of freedom.



William Penn Making His Treaty with the Indians

WILLIAM PENN

WE THINK of William Penn as a peace-loving Quaker who made a treaty with the Indians and founded the "city of brotherly love," Philadelphia. His treaty with the Indians was indeed a peace treaty. Under it the colony of Pennsylvania was spared much of the cruelty and bitterness of Indian warfare in the days before the Revolution. He was truly a great peacemaker.

But Penn was first a great fighter for freedom. He was a student at Oxford University where he believed the Church of England interfered with his religious freedom. He refused to wear certain articles of dress which the Church required Oxford students to wear. He even tore such dress from the backs of other students. This was the beginning of his fight for religious liberty for which he was more than once thrown into prison. He traveled in Switzerland, France, and Holland, teaching Quaker beliefs and then decided to go to America to establish a colony where all should enjoy entire freedom in religious matters.

The King of England owed Penn a large sum of money, about \$75,000. To settle this debt he gave to this fighting Quaker a large tract of

land west of the Delaware River. The King demanded a small annual rental, however, two beaver skins and one-fifth of all gold and silver ore that might be discovered in the land. As no gold or silver was discovered, the King received only the two beaver skins.

William Penn came to America to get the religious freedom for which he had fought in England, and for which he had spent months in prison. In the government which he gave the colony he made sure that the people's rights should be safe. He set up a "frame of government" which the colony adopted. In it he gave the right to vote to all grown-up persons and was in this respect far in advance of all the other colonies.

The "frame of government" also gave entire religious freedom to the Colony of Pennsylvania. The other colonies, especially those in New England, quarrelled about religious liberty in their early years. But the Quakers in Pennsylvania from the first allowed freedom to all who came.

But Penn was not wholly happy. His enemies in England charged him with treason and so the new king, William III, took the colony away from him and added it to the Colony of New York. Again the Quaker fought for his rights and in one year won back his colony. He la-

bored with great zeal to improve the conditions of the Indians and the Negroes who were within his realm and brought great prosperity to his people. He was a very good governor, giving wise and useful laws to his people.

During his last visit to the colony, lasting from 1699 to 1701, he gave his people a "Charter of Privileges." It was adopted by them in October, 1701, and was their constitution for almost one hundred years, that is, until they became part of the new United States of America during and after the Revolution.

When Penn left for England in 1701 he appointed an agent to take charge of the affairs of the colony. The agent was dishonest. He mismanaged and misruled, and piled up many unjust debts for his employer. So in 1708 Penn was thrown into Fleet Prison in London for debts which he did not honestly owe. Here in prison his health broke down. When he was released he was an invalid. He died in 1718.

William Penn's life was a constant fight against oppression. He suffered great hardships and great financial losses. He was successful in gaining for the people of the Colony of Pennsylvania what he never gained for himself. While he lay in Fleet Prison because he would not pay an unjust debt, the colonists enjoyed

complete freedom; they had peace with the Indians; and they were growing rich.

We can say of William Penn that his life was a great blessing to others. He suffered for what he believed to be right.

LORD BALTIMORE

IT WAS hard to leave their homes that bleak day in November, 1633. The three hundred men on board the *Ark* and the *Dove* looked very sober as the little ships put out to sea.

“Brother,” said Father Altham to Father White, “we shall probably never see merry England again. Behind us we leave relatives and friends. Before us are the perils of the sea and the hardships of the wilderness. Only for our religion would I undertake such a journey.”

“Yes, it is for the sake of religion,” answered Father White. “This country is no longer merry England to people of our faith. We must go to the New World to find religious freedom.”

Most of the men on board were Roman Catholics. In England they were fined, cast into loathsome prisons, and even tortured. They were not allowed to own a sword or a gun, to hold a public office, or, when dead, to be buried in the

parish churchyard. They were seeking a place where they could worship God in their own way.

Several years before this, other Catholics, led by the first Lord Baltimore, had tried to start a colony in Newfoundland. There the winter was so severe that they were obliged to return to England.

Lord Baltimore decided to try a warmer climate and received from the King of England the promise of land north of Virginia. He died before he received the charters but the grant was transferred to his son, Cecil Calvert.

This second Lord Baltimore invited Protestants as well as Catholics to join his company. For food, tools, and building materials to be used in the new country, he spent a million dollars of his own money. He himself was unable to go, but he sent his brothers Leonard and George to represent him. Leonard Calvert was made governor of the colony.

After a voyage of over three months, the *Dove* and the *Ark* came to Point Comfort in Virginia. Here they rested for a few days, then sailed up Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the Potomac. On a small, wooded island they landed, planted a cross, and joined with Father White in praise to God for bringing them safely across the ocean.

At the King's request, they named the colony Maryland in honor of the Queen, Henrietta Maria. Their first settlement they called St. Mary's.

These men, unlike the settlers of Virginia, prospered from the beginning. They did not suffer for food, for they worked hard and made friends with the Indians.

Before they built houses for themselves, they bought land of the red men and paid for it with axes, hoes, and pieces of cloth. They learned from the young braves how to get fish and game, and from the squaws how to bake "pone" and make succotash. So friendly were the two races that the Indians offered the white men one of their wigwams to use as a church.

These settlers would not allow any one in their colony to be persecuted for religion. A man might have any belief he chose. Accordingly, people of all faiths began to flock to Maryland. Lord Baltimore lived to see his colonists very prosperous and very happy.

JAMES OGLETHORPE

GENERAL JAMES OGLETHORPE was a distinguished English soldier. Tomochichi was an old

Indian chief. They met on the banks of the Savannah River and became firm friends.

One day Tomochichi gave the General a buffalo skin lined with eagles' feathers. "You English," he said, "are as swift as the eagle to sail over the seas and as strong as the buffalo to fight your enemies. These feathers are soft, and that means love. The skin is warm and that means protection. We ask you to love and protect our families."

Oglethorpe was pleased with this gift and the kind words, for he wanted the Indians to be friendly to the new colony he was starting in America.

Just a year before this meeting with Tomochichi, Oglethorpe had been in England. There he asked one day about a friend of his who had been put into prison for debt, and he was told that the man was dead. Surprised at this, he began to visit debtors' prisons to discover how the men were treated.

He found that when a man could not pay what he owed, he was thrown into jail and kept there until his friends came to his rescue or he died. Many did die of hunger, disease, and the cruel treatment of the jailors.

Oglethorpe was kind-hearted and energetic. He went to the English Parliament and said:

"The men in our prisons would work if they had the chance. Many have fallen in debt through

sickness. Let us pay their bills and send them to America. There they shall found a new colony and call it Georgia for our King George II.”

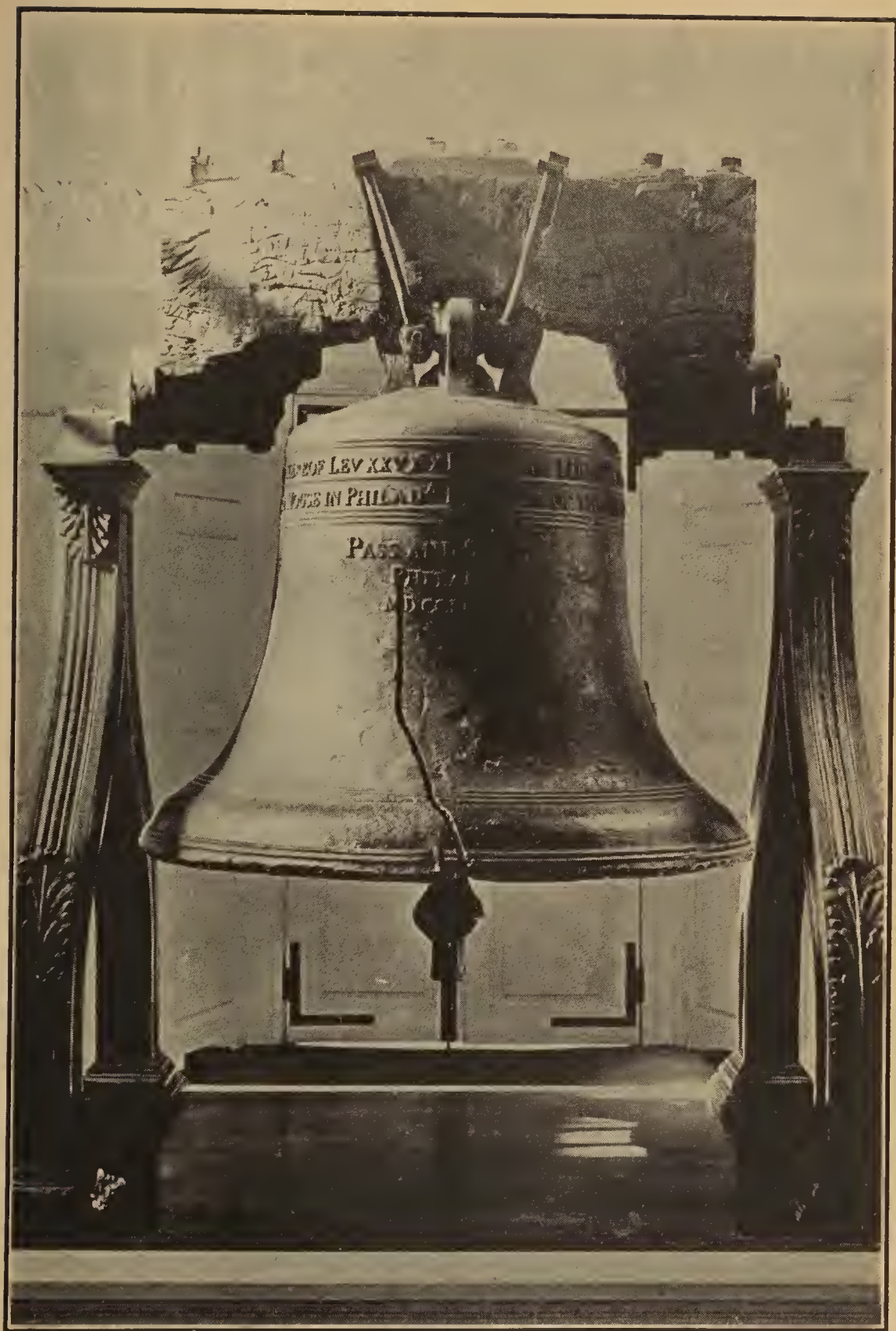
Parliament approved and voted money to help Oglethorpe carry out his plans. King George granted him land far to the south in this country. He wanted these new settlers to help the Englishmen in South Carolina against the Spaniards in Florida.

In about a year Oglethorpe set sail with more than a hundred free debtors and their families. His first settlement he called Savannah.

With Tomochichi and other Indian chiefs he made an agreement to buy part of their land at their own price. He realized that the natives, not the King of England, owned the land, and he treated them justly and kindly. As a result, he won from them love and respect as William Penn had from the Indians of Pennsylvania.

The colony began to thrive. The debtors were glad of an opportunity to work and raised rice and indigo in large quantities. Yet they became dissatisfied and began to grumble about the man who had given them freedom and wealth.

The trouble was that they did not like the way in which they were governed. Oglethorpe and his friends made all of the laws and some of them were very peculiar.



The Liberty Bell Which Rang Out for Independence in 1776

They ruled that a man could not own more than a certain amount of land, because they did not want any rich or poor men in the colony. A woman, because she could not fight as a soldier, could not inherit land. No man could have rum in the colony and no one could own a slave.

The people said, "Our climate is so hot that we need rum to drink, and we could make money by selling it to the West Indies. We ought to have slaves because Negroes can work in the heat better than we can."

They complained so much that Oglethorpe turned the province over to the King and let it be ruled by a governor whom the King appointed. He had done his work in freeing the debtors from their prison walls, bringing them across the ocean, and teaching them ways of peace and industry.

Georgia was one of the thirteen colonies which broke away from England and made the United States a free nation.

INDEPENDENCE BELL

THERE was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—

People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

“Will they do it?” “Dare they do it?”
“Who is speaking?” “What’s the news?”
“What of Adams?” “What of Sherman?”
“Oh, God grant they won’t refuse!”
“Make some way there!” “Let me nearer!”
“I am stifling!” “Stifle then!”
When a nation’s life’s at hazard,
We’ve no time to think of men!”

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled:

The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! see! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring, grandpa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bell-man lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!

How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

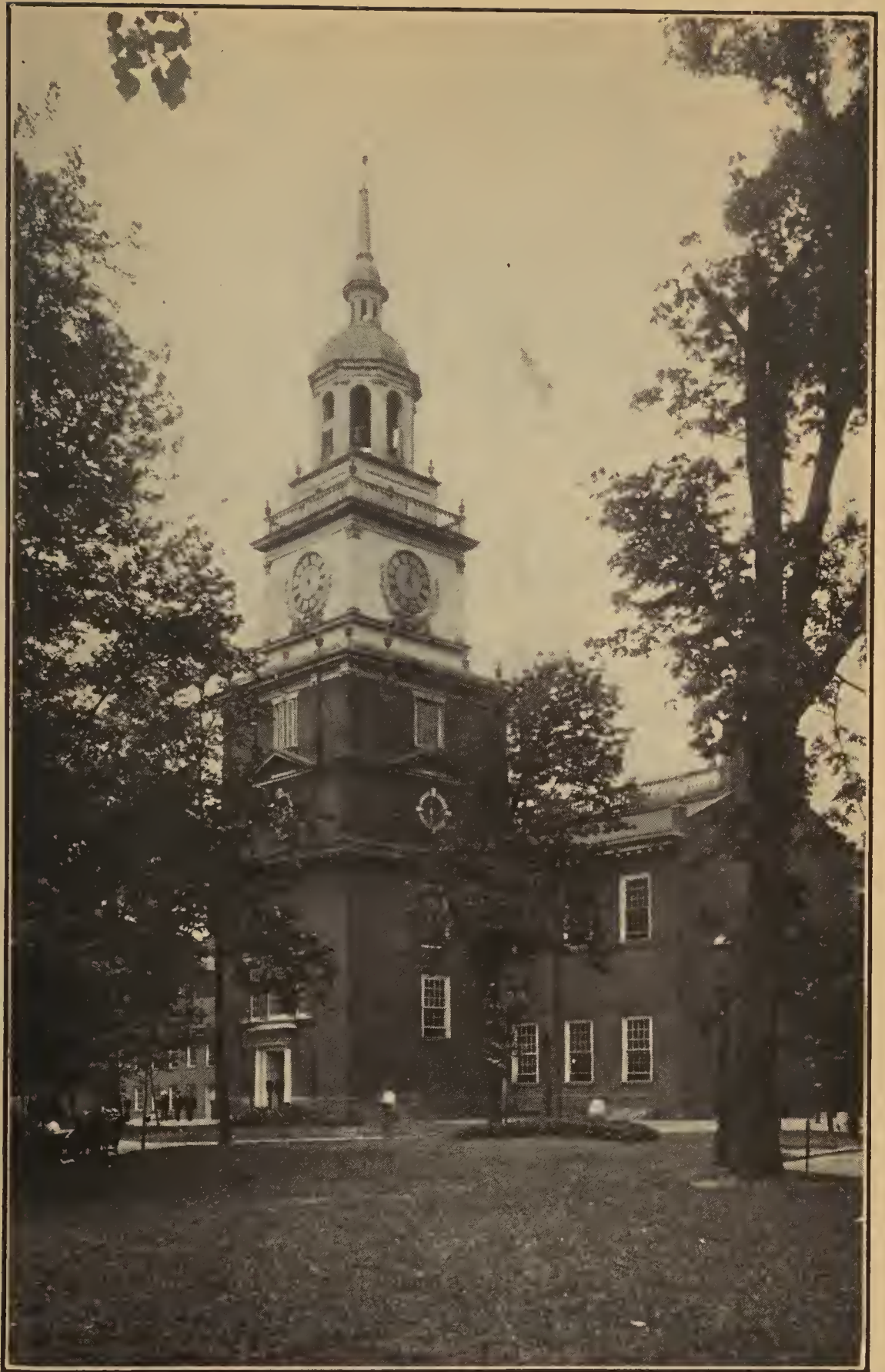
That old State-House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence";
Which, please God, shall never die!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

PATRICK HENRY

THERE was much excitement that December day, 1763, in the County of Hanover, Colony of Virginia. Men in great numbers were hastening to the old brick court-house, where an important case was to be tried. Conspicuous in the crowd were twenty dignified clergymen, who drove up, entered the building, and took their places on a long bench beside the judge.

These gentlemen had a personal interest in the



*Independence Hall, Where the Declaration of Independence
Was Signed*

case for the day, which was known as the Parsons' Cause. For some time all the clergymen in Virginia had felt that they were not receiving as much salary as they should. They had appealed to the King of England who had taken their part and had treated the people in a high-handed, disagreeable fashion. This made the Virginians so angry that they still refused to increase the parsons' salaries. For that reason Mr. Maury, one of the clergy, was suing the people of Virginia; and it looked as if he were going to win.

When the court opened, the room was filled; and many crowded around the doorway. Mr. Maury's lawyer spoke first and proved that his client should have received three times as much as he had been paid.

Then rose Patrick Henry, the lawyer for the people. His appearance was bad. His figure was awkward, and his clothes were coarse and ill-fitting. When he began to talk, his own father wished he would sit down and not try to make a speech.

Some who had known him all his life thought to themselves:

"What can you expect of Patrick Henry? He has always been shiftless."

They remembered how, as a boy, he had left

the chores undone to go fishing. He had been willing to roam the woods, gun in hand, for hours, but he had grudged every minute spent on his lessons. They knew that he had failed at store-keeping and at farming, and had won little success as a lawyer.

The twenty parsons on the long bench cast amused glances at each other as if to say,

“We have nothing to fear from this ignorant fellow.”

Then, as Henry talked, they noticed a change in his voice. It became loud and clear so that the people at the edge of the crowd could hear distinctly. All forgot that this man was homely and awkward, uneducated and poor. They thought only of what he was saying and strained forward to catch every word.

Patrick Henry spoke boldly about King George of England. He declared that such a king, who disregarded the wishes of the people, was a tyrant and forfeited the obedience of his subjects.

At this some one cried, “Treason!”; but no one stopped Henry and he went on to tell the clergymen their faults. He said they were selfish and grasping. They set a poor example to their people. Instead of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, they would, if they could,

take the last cow from a widow and her orphaned children.

The twenty clergymen on the long bench hung their heads with shame and stealthily slipped out into the courtyard. Patrick's father, by this time, was weeping tears of joy over his son's eloquence. Everyone felt that here was a great orator.

When the speech was over, the people seized Henry and bore him on their shoulders to the courtyard. Then they carried him about in triumph.

From that day his reputation was made. He gained friends and these friends brought him business. He gave up all his shiftless ways and earned a comfortable living for his family. Before he died, he had become one of the great leaders of the country.

He owed his success to his ability as an orator and his staunch, patriotic spirit. He believed that George the Third was a tyrant and he had the courage to say so.

When the king refused to heed the complaints of the colonies, the legislature of Virginia met in St. John's Church, in Richmond, to decide whether they would prepare for war. Some of the men thought that they ought to proceed prudently and cautiously, but not Patrick

Henry. He rose in his pew and made one of the greatest speeches in the history of our country. He ended by saying:

“I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!”

The resolution to go to war passed the house by a large majority. Patrick Henry had voiced the spirit of a new nation—“Liberty or Death.”

THE RENEGADE

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
“This is my own, my native land!”
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathes, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from which he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NATHAN HALE*

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumbed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkled 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance—
A dark wave, a plumbed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

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A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From the Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn.
FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE*

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—

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One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night," and with muffled
oar

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North
Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,

And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.

Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and
the light

The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep.
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge.

Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.
It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river's fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weather cock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town,
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NATHAN HALE, PATRIOT

AMERICAN history holds the names of many brave men who did great deeds. Our soldiers are famous for daring acts. Our men have often

risked their lives in the service of their country and we have pleasure in honoring their names. Washington, and John Paul Jones, and Perry and Farragut, and Sheridan, and Pershing are a few in the long list of our heroes. They were fearless in the face of danger and won great victories.

Nathan Hale risked all he had, life and fortune and even reputation, to serve his country. He is now counted among our greatest patriots, although he was hanged as a spy.

Nathan Hale graduated from Yale College before he was twenty and was a schoolmaster when the war for freedom began. The young patriot entered the army at once. His country's call was answered by joining the first company organized in his town. He began as a private soldier but had become a captain in less than a year. His bravery won the love and trust of his men. He was cool, bold, and just, the kind of man who can do things under difficulties.

In 1776 Washington's army was defeated on Long Island by the British under General Howe, and again at White Plains. The American army was in danger. Washington wanted to know the plans of the British general. It was necessary to know these plans to save his twice-defeated army. So he called for volunteers to go into the

British lines. This, the work of a spy, is now done by balloons, airplanes, as well as by spies, or by seizing prisoners who may know the general's plans. But in the Revolutionary War the enemy's plans could be found out only through spies, and to be caught as a spy was sure to bring death by hanging.

Washington's call for volunteers was answered by Captain Nathan Hale of the Connecticut Rangers. When he heard that the army could be saved only by finding out the enemy's plans he said, "I will go. If the safety and success of the army make it necessary, the work will be honorable."

Captain Hale left Washington's headquarters, traveled up the shore to Norwalk, then across Long Island Sound dressed as a schoolmaster. He entered the British lines, secured the desired plans, and began his return journey with the papers hidden under the loose inner soles of his shoes. But just as he was about to recross the Sound he was seized and carried to the headquarters of General Howe. The papers were found and Captain Hale was sentenced to be hanged as a spy.

It was a sad day for this brave soldier. He had served his country at great risk because of his great patriotism. But in the eyes of the

enemy he was only a spy. His spirit was bold and calm to the end. Although the officer was very cruel to him, denying him the comforts due in such cases, Captain Hale met death with courage and good cheer, saying, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

Nathan Hale was prepared when the call came to fight for freedom. Duty was the first law to him. He was proud to die for his country. He died as a patriot, bold toward the enemy, happy in giving his life that his countrymen might become free.

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE KING

WE AMERICANS are very proud of our country. We are proud of her size, her wealth, her schools, but, most of all, of her form of government. We are glad that we live in a republic. We boast that we have no emperor or king to say to us, "You *must* do thus and thus, whether you want to or not." Here, we, the people, make our own laws and choose the man who is to see that they are obeyed.

But we might not have this privilege if it had not been for the man who refused to be king.

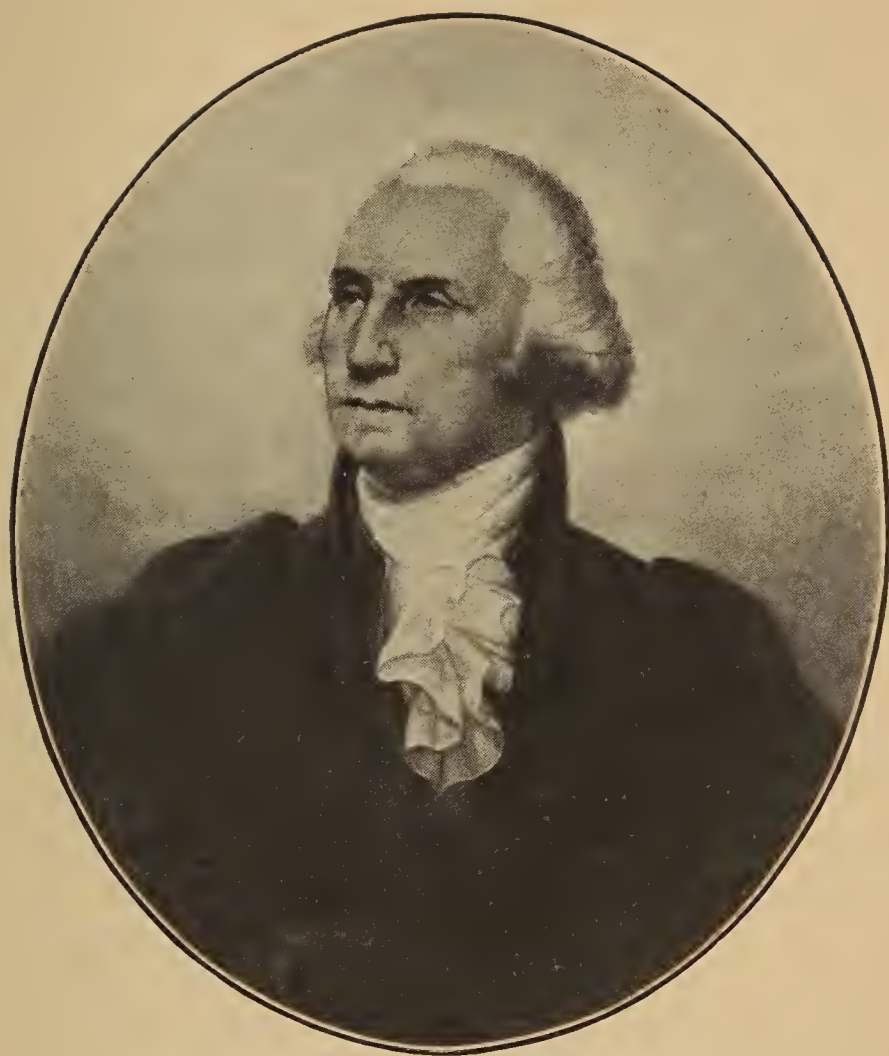
When the colonies in America had broken away from England and had come out victorious

from eight years of war, they had to start some form of government for themselves. Both France and England had kings at this time and some people here wanted the same kind of ruler. The man they wanted to crown King of the United States was George Washington.

Now Washington had many qualities that would have made him a good king. He was well-born, well-mannered, and well-read. He had great physical strength, too. As a boy, he was so strong and vigorous that he could jump twenty feet and throw a stone two hundred feet above his head. He could manage the most difficult horses and took keen delight in riding after the hounds in the fox-hunt. He could out-distance any lad in Virginia at tramping through the wilderness or swimming in streams.

As a man, he was more than six feet tall and finely proportioned. Always, in his own home, he rose at four o'clock in the morning to work in his library. He could accomplish an amazing amount of work because he had the physical endurance which men need when they have great responsibility.

Besides, Washington would have made a good king because he knew how to do things and how to manage other men. When he was only nineteen years old, he was made an adjutant



*George Washington, First Among Great
Americans*

general of the militia in Virginia. When he was twenty-one, he was sent on an important errand by the Governor of Virginia.

The French had settled on English soil along the banks of the Ohio River. Washington was to tell them politely but firmly that they must leave. He was also to make friends with the Indians so that they would side with the English against the French.

He and seven companions traveled on pack-horses for a thousand miles across ice and snow, through swollen creeks and rivers, and in the midst of the dreary wilderness. But the French refused to give up their settlements until five years later. Then they were forced out by English soldiers commanded by Washington. By that time the young soldier had become a colonel, and had won the liking and respect of the people of Virginia.

Later, in 1775, the American colonies felt that they must fight England in order to preserve their liberty. At that time not only Virginia, but New England said, "Here is a man who is brave, and sensible, and honest. He has shown that he is a good soldier and a strong leader. He puts the interests of his country before his own interests. Let us have George Washington at the head of the Continental Army."

So Congress appointed him Commander-in-chief of the Armies of the United Colonies. Washington accepted, not because he wished the position, but because he felt it was his duty. He refused to take any money for his services except what was necessary for his own expenses.

Then followed eight of the hardest years that any man ever had to endure. The Continental Army was hardly half as large as the English force. The men were not well trained; they needed powder and guns, tents, food, clothing, and blankets. At one time, in the dead of winter, there were three thousand soldiers obliged to walk in the snow, barefooted. Their only food was cakes made of flour and water, with now and then a bit of meat. Yet these men, hungry and cold and sick, stood by Washington. They felt he was doing the best he could for them and that he believed with all his heart in the cause for which they were fighting.

Not all of the people at home, though, realized what a hard time the army was having. They thought Washington too prudent and cautious and that he ought to end the war sooner. They talked bitterly about him and some even tried to have him removed from his position as Commander-in-chief.

But in the midst of all, Washington remained

patient and courageous. When the right time came, he led the Continental forces to victory and liberty.

Then it was that the people realized what they owed him, and some of them, especially his soldiers, wanted to make him king. They felt that he deserved the honor and would never abuse his power. It was evident, too, that the states could not remain united unless there was a strong man at the head. But Washington realized that to put a king at the head of a nation would be to give up some of the freedom for which they had been fighting. The people themselves must rule their country. So he said: "If you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself, or respect for me, banish these thoughts from your mind, and never speak of the matter again."

By this refusal he showed that all his service had really been for the country and not for his own advancement. He proved himself the truest kind of patriot.

WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CONDUCT

WASHINGTON was always a lover of good manners. When a boy he wrote in one of his exercise books one hundred and ten "Rules of Civility

and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation.” It is thought that he copied these rules from some book, or took them down from the lips of his mother or teacher. As a man, he was much admired for his dignity and perfect courtesy. Here are some of his rules:

1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

2. In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

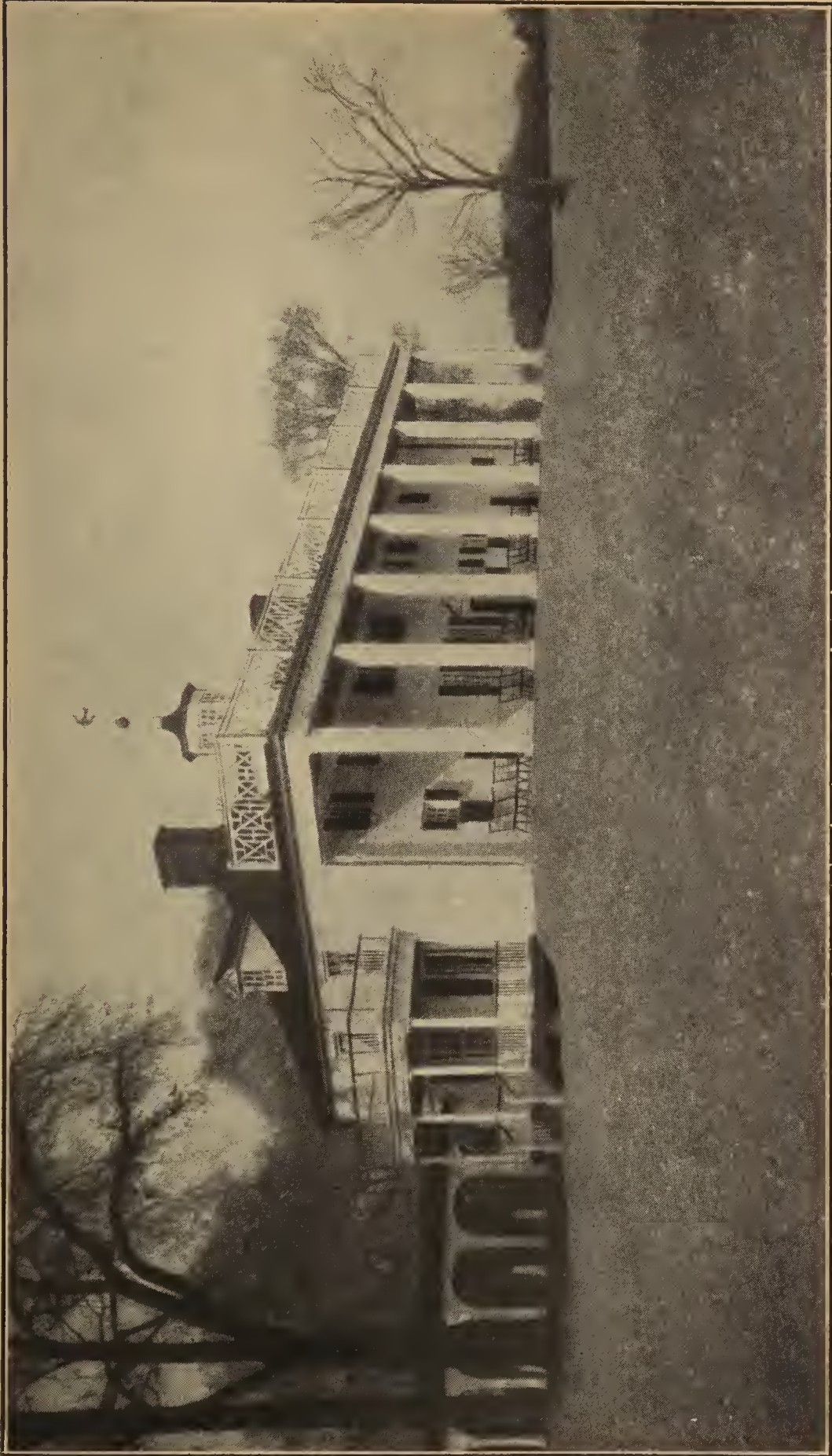
3. Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not when others stop.

4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

5. Read no letters, books or papers in company; but when there is necessity for doing it, you must ask leave; come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

6. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another though he were your enemy.

7. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be



The Home of Washington: Mt. Vernon

at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

8. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

9. In writing, or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

10. Wherein you reprove another, be unblameable yourself.

11. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse nor revile.

12. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

13. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

14. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

15. When another speaks be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him, till his speech be ended.

16. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

17. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

18. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

19. Make no show of taking great delight in your food; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

20. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.

SELECTION FROM "THE BOSTON HYMN"*

Read in the Music Hall, January 1, 1863

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel,—his name is Freedom,—
Choose him to be your king;

*Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

He shall cut pathways east and west
And fend you with his wing.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE MAN WHO BELIEVED IN THE PEOPLE

THOMAS JEFFERSON was another great man in the history of our nation. Like George Washington and Patrick Henry, he was a son of Virginia. Like them, also, he urged that the colonies break away from England and establish a government of their own. He agreed that the best form of government to establish was a democracy. In fact, he believed so thoroughly in government by the people themselves that he has sometimes been called "The Father of American Democracy."

The people had confidence in his opinions and elected him to many important offices. As a young man, he was a member of the House of Burgesses in Virginia. There he did so well that he was sent to the Continental Congress at

Philadelphia. Then he was called to one important duty after another. He became Governor of Virginia, Ambassador to France, Secretary of State under President Washington, Vice-President and finally President of the United States for eight years.

But all these honors and duties did not make him conceited. He said when he was an old man:

“I have sometimes asked myself whether my country is better for my having lived at all. I do not know that it is. I have done some things; but they would have been done by others, some perhaps, a little better.”

But there were three things for which he wished the people of the United States to remember him and which he wished carved on his tombstone.

The first was the authorship of the Declaration of Independence. He was the man who drew up this famous document in which the colonies declared themselves free of England. You can, if you go to Washington, see the very paper in Jefferson's handwriting, with a few corrections made by his friends, Adams and Franklin.

In the Declaration Jefferson says that all men are created free and equal. By that he means that every man is born with the right to earn an

honest living, to make the laws by which he shall be governed, to get an education, and to hold to whatever religion he chooses.

Because he believed this, he hated slavery. Though he owned slaves himself, he would have liked to set them free and wished that the United States government would carry all the Negroes back to Africa. But the country as a whole was not ready to abolish slavery, and Jefferson had to content himself with other ways of securing liberty.

His next great work was the passage of the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom. When Jefferson was young, every person in Virginia was compelled to attend the Episcopal church. Catholics, Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, and Presbyterians were forbidden to hold services of their own. If they did so, they were arrested and fined. If they treated an Episcopal clergyman with disrespect, they could be publicly whipped and required to ask pardon in church before all the people, for three successive Sundays. A man might even, according to law, be burnt at the stake as punishment for his religious belief.

All this Jefferson felt was unjust and cruel. He drew up a law which said that no man in Virginia should be compelled to attend church,

or pay money to the church, or be made to suffer in any way because of his religion. For nine years he and his friends worked to get this bill passed. In 1786, ten years after the Declaration of Independence, they were successful. Virginia was the first of the colonies to have real religious freedom made secure by law.

Jefferson worked for education as well as for religion. He believed in the people but not in ignorant people. He saw that if boys and girls are to grow up to be good citizens, they must go to school and have good books to read. He tried to improve the common schools of Virginia and to establish a public library. It was a hard task, for many people did not realize how important schools are. Even if they were willing to educate their own families, they were not interested in educating poor men's children. But Jefferson persevered, and finally before his death, he founded a great school, the University of Virginia. This was the third of his famous achievements.

The work that Jefferson started is being carried on. The people of the United States have followed his example in preserving liberty. To-day any man, who is a citizen, may have a share in the government, may have perfect religious freedom, and may get an education in

the public schools. America is truly the land of the free, and every good citizen should be grateful to the man who believed in the people.

DANIEL BOONE

THIS great country of ours was new and young one hundred and fifty years ago. The settlers had cleared the land along the coast. The Indians troubled them less each year. The farmers raised good crops and all the people were happy.

But beyond the mountains lay a large wilderness. Few men had yet been bold enough to go over the mountains to see for themselves. Washington had been in western Pennsylvania. A few Frenchmen had explored the Valley of the Ohio and the Valley of the Mississippi. But the Indians were still hunting alone or fighting other Indians when Daniel Boone decided to visit the "dark and bloody ground."

That is the meaning of the name Kentucky. The wilderness was deep and lonely in Kentucky. Game was nowhere else so plentiful. Buffaloes ran in many herds. Deer were everywhere. Wild turkeys could be seen in flocks. Wild life was free there. "In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every kind natural to America, we

practised hunting with great success," said Daniel Boone. And the Indians, too, went there to hunt rather than to live.

Because Kentucky was a rich hunting ground it was not a safe home even for Indians. Many tribes hunted through its wilderness and many bloody battles were fought there. It was truly a "dark and bloody ground."

Daniel Boone wanted to open this wonderful country to the settlers on the coast. America must grow. There was not enough land between the mountains and the Atlantic Ocean for the great rich country that was to become the United States. And so Boone and a few brave and daring men crossed the Alleghany Mountains in North Carolina and entered the wilderness of Kentucky in the summer of 1769.

In December Boone and one companion, being on a hunting trip, away from their camp, were captured by the Indians. But they were even more crafty than the Indians themselves and after a week of great danger both escaped. When they returned to camp it was deserted. All his companions had gone back to North Carolina. In the spring of 1770 Boone was left alone without even a dog, for his faithful dog was lost or carried off by the Indians.

Here he was all alone in a pathless forest.



Daniel Boone, the Hunter and Pioneer

Indians were there, of course, and they were trying to capture him, probably to torture him to death. They did not want him on their hunting ground. Big trees were everywhere. The bushes and vines were dense, making it very hard to move about. Behind each tree and bush an Indian might be lurking. And Boone knew that the Indians were following him. He changed his camp almost every night and often found that his foes had visited his camp in his absence. At night the wolves and wild cats might attack him. The Indians were dangerous night and day. But for three months this great hunter lived alone. He outwitted the Indians by covering his tracks and by moving with greater speed than they did. He lived on wild game, cooked his food when it was safe to do so, and lived on berries when the wily Indian was too near.

Other settlers braved the dangers of the wilderness from time to time, but it was not until 1775 that a permanent settlement was made. It was called Boonesborough. The village was fortified and Boone brought his family from North Carolina. Several other settlements were made by other pioneers, bringing the white man closer to the Indian and arousing his bitter opposition. Bloody battles were fought between

Indian and settler, and Daniel Boone was the leading spirit in every attack and in every stout defense.

Boone was more than a match for the cunning Indian. In spite of the many battles between Indians and settlers, he hunted freely and even went far into the wilderness without any companions. His rifle and hunting knife were his best defense. With them he was able to outwit and outfight a dozen Indians.

In the winter of 1778 he was once more taken prisoner. The Shawnee Indians, a hundred strong, took him when hunting alone. With a score of other captives Boone was taken to Detroit. There all were ransomed except Boone. He was taken into the Indian country for safe-keeping, perhaps for death by torture. An Indian council was called and it seemed as if he were to be burned at the stake. So great was their fear of his daring and cunning that they were afraid to keep him even as captive.

Fortunately, a squaw who had lost a son in battle, took a liking to Boone and demanded him as an adopted son. This demand had to be granted by the laws of the Shawnees, and so Boone was adopted and became a Shawnee warrior.

Indian adoption is painful. Boone endured

terrible torture. His hair was pulled out of his scalp, leaving only the true Indian scalplock on top. Other trial was made of his ability to endure pain without flinching. In everything he showed that he had the courage and endurance of the Indian himself. He was even more skilled in woodcraft and in hunting than the young Indians. So he became a Shawnee warrior and enjoyed the confidence of the tribe.

But he was carefully watched. When he went hunting alone he had to account for all the bullets. He was free to hunt and range the forest like other warriors, but he could not be away long alone. They were not quite certain that he would not try to escape though he was two hundred miles from the Kentucky settlement. And their care was well taken. This cunning hunter laid by bullets for use when the time would come to run for his freedom. The bullets so carefully counted were cut in two. In this way he saved good bullets and buried them for future use. He did the same with powder, using a small charge to bring down game and saving a little for the day of escape.

One day he learned that these same Shawnees were planning an attack on Boonesborough to capture or massacre its people. He knew his wife and children were there and so he must

warn them and save his own people. Here was the hardest task of his life. He knew the Indian language a little and understood all the plans as they were laid by the Shawnees. To them he spoke a mixed speech, letting them believe he did not understand their language. In this way he knew the day and the hour for the attack.

Boone kept a calm manner until all was ready; then, with his supply of bullets and powder so cunningly stored, with dried venison for food, he took his usual hunting trip. But no sooner was he out of sight of the Indian village than he made all possible speed toward Boonesborough almost two hundred miles away through a pathless forest. In true Indian fashion he traveled, covering his tracks, and hiding all traces of his journey. He could not use his rifle for fear of being heard; he could cook no game for fear of letting them see the smoke of his fire. In this way he reached the Ohio River before his pursuers overtook him.

Good fortune awaited him at the Ohio. An old canoe lay there, a big hole in its bottom, but giving hope to Boone who was a poor swimmer. He knew how to close the hole and the canoe carried him safely across the swollen river into Kentucky. Here he cooked his first meal—of wild turkey which his rifle had brought down.

His journey from here to Boonesborough was easier and he soon arrived at the settlement.

Not a moment must be lost. The savages would be on them at any moment. His wife and children had returned to their home in North Carolina, believing him dead. The fort must be repaired; plans for defense must be laid. Here again the courage and skill of the hunter showed themselves. Boone and a party of settlers went forward to meet the savages. A surprise attack was successful and the Indians were driven back for the time.

When the attack on Boonesborough was made, a month later, the settlers were ready, fifty strong, to defend the place against four hundred and fifty savages. Assault was followed by treachery and this was followed by an effort to undermine the fort. The case seemed hopeless. But in everything Boone was able to outwit the Indians. His men used their bullets very carefully, making each count. The little garrison lost only two men during the siege, while thirty-seven Indians were killed and many wounded. So the savages raised the siege and retreated, leaving their adopted son to his family and to Kentucky.

This is only one example of the many dangers Daniel Boone met in opening the rich lands be-

yond the Alleghany Mountains to the growing young America. Each fight with the Indians made the land a little safer for settlers, and many came. So many people moved into Kentucky that our great hunter longed for greater freedom. By 1802 he felt that the country was "too crowded" and he wanted "more elbow room" as he said.

So Boone moved west, following the retreating Indians. He settled finally beyond the Mississippi River where he could be by himself in the lovely new country. There he hunted and enjoyed the wild life until 1818 when he died at 86 years of age.

Daniel Boone was the greatest of all our Indian fighters. He was a man of great size, broad shoulders, strong, and wholly without fear. His life out in the open gave him the endurance of the Indian. His knowledge of the woods, of the ways of wild animals and of the Indian himself, made him a dangerous man for the Indian. His was the spirit of young America, pushing forward into the new West country. Restless, brave, strong, always facing westward, he was our great Pioneer.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY*

OLD GLORY! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the
blue,
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you
bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you
to?
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the
same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of
red,
With your stars at their glittering best over-
head—
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven
of blue!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say,
who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*From "The Lockerbie Book," by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright, 1911. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.*

Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about
How you happened to “favor” a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy
way—

We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you
that—

We—Tom, Dick, and Harry—each swinging his
hat

And hurrahing “Old Glory!” like you were our
kin,

When—Lord!—we all know we’re as common as
sin!

And yet it just seems like you humor us all
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.
And this is the reason we’re wanting to know—
(And we’re wanting it so!—

Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.)
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-oh!

Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.*



Boy Scouts with the Colors on Parade

Old Glory; the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.*

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:
“By the driven snow-white and the living blood-
red

Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,
My name is as old as the glory of God.

. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.”

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A STAR FOR EACH STATE

THE blue field in our flag, with white stars, is known as the union. Each star represents a state, each state is represented by a star, and the position of each star has been definitely determined by executive order of President William Howard Taft, dated Oct. 26, 1912.

DEL.	PA.	N.J.	GA.	CONN.	MASS.	MD.	SC.
★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
N.H.	VA.	N.Y.	N.C.	R.I.	VT.	KY.	TENN.
★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
O.	LA.	IND.	MISS.	ILL.	ALA.	ME.	MO.
★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
ARK.	MICH.	FLA.	TEX.	IA.	WISC.	CAL.	MINN.
★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
ORE.	KAN.	W.VA.	NEV.	NEBR.	COLO.	N.D.	S.D.
★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★
MONT.	WASH.	IDAHO	WYO.	UTAH	OKLA.	N.M.	ARIZ.
★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★

The order says there shall be six horizontal rows of stars, eight stars in each row. The first star in the upper left-hand corner, next to the flag-staff, stands for Delaware, the first state

that ratified the Constitution. Then, running from left to right, the stars stand for the states in the order in which the states ratified the Constitution. Thus Delaware is the oldest state in the union and Arizona the youngest; Delaware is number one, Rhode Island number thirteen, Arizona number forty-eight. Which is your star? What number is it?

THE STORY OF "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"*

IT WOULD take a large volume to contain all of the poetry inspired by the "flag of the free." The high patriotism of the most gifted poets has found noble expression in songs to the flag. There are thrilling tales back of some of these songs and poems. They are associated with deeds of valor. Heroism has never run higher than in defense of the flag. It has floated above many a battlefield, but it is never more beautiful than when it waves in the breeze in time of peace. Thousands of men and women are to-day working to bring about a time when the flags of all nations will wave over all nations at peace with themselves and the world. The flag will

*Adapted from the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, by permission of the publishers, The Century Company.

lose none of its meaning when that happy day arrives and war shall be no more.

Of all the songs written to the flag, none has met with such high favor as "The Star-Spangled Banner." It is now more than a century old, for in 1914 we celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its birth, and did honor to Francis Scott Key, who wrote it.

If I were to ask all of the boys and girls when and where "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written, I suspect that there would not be any great show of hands. Perhaps there would not be any greater show of hands if I asked your fathers and mothers the question.

The song was written in Baltimore and it was in this city that Francis Scott Key died, on the eleventh of January, in the year 1843. He was born in Frederick, Maryland, near Baltimore, in the year 1780. The poem that made his name immortal grew out of a stirring event in our national history, the bombardment of Fort McHenry, on the thirteenth of September, in the year 1814. The following history of the song appeared in the *Baltimore American* on the twenty-first day of September, in the year 1814, when the poem was a week old.

This song was composed under the following circumstances: A gentleman left Baltimore un-

der a flag of truce, to secure from the British fleet the release of a friend of his who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return lest the intended attack upon Baltimore should be disclosed. He was therefore brought up the mouth of the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where his flag-of-truce vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate (the *Surprise*) and was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which the admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours. The American watched the flag at the fort through the whole day, with anxiety that can better be felt than described, until darkness prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bombshells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the proudly waving flag of his country.

The person referred to in this brief account of the writing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was Francis Scott Key, and the "friend" whose release he had sought was Doctor Beanes, a physician of Marlborough. On the second day of September, Key had written this letter to his mother:

"I am going in the morning to Baltimore, to proceed in a flag vessel to General Ross. Old Doctor Beanes, of

Marlboro', is taken prisoner by the enemy, who threaten to carry him off. I hope to return in about eight or ten days, though it is uncertain, as I do not know where to find the fleet."

This interesting note is still in existence. Doctor Beanes had been allowed to go with Key on board the *Minden*, and he and Mr. Key were on deck nearly all night, watching the bombardment of the fort, and wondering if they would see the stars and stripes when the morning dawned. It was this anxiety that caused Key to spend a sleepless night, and when daylight revealed the "flag of the free" still waving in the breeze, he drew forth an old letter from his pocket and wrote:

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
fight
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming!
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

The song made an instant appeal to the people. It was printed in handbill form, and there was

an eager demand for copies of it. We are told that it was sung for the very first time in a little frame building, a coffee-house, standing next to a theater and then much frequented by players. A man named Ferdinand Durang mounted an old rush-bottomed chair and sang the song to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven." The others present joined lustily in the chorus, little thinking that what they were singing would be one of the nation's most popular patriotic melodies a hundred years thereafter. The first time it was sung on any stage was at the Holiday Street Theater, in Baltimore, by Ferdinand Durang and his brother Charles; and it has gone on singing its way into the hearts of the people from that day until this.

It is of interest to know that the star-spangled banner that inspired Francis Scott Key to write his immortal verses is still in existence and may be seen in the National Museum in Washington. It figured prominently in the Baltimore centennial celebration held September 14, 1914. It was then taken to Baltimore, and escorted to Fort McHenry by the President of the United States, the Vice-President, and other men of distinction. At the fort, a facsimile of the flag was run up while a "human flag" composed of the school children of Baltimore sang "The

Star-Spangled Banner.” A troop of one hundred picked men from the eighteen states which were in existence in the year 1814, were assembled in a special regiment, and known as “The Star-Spangled-Banner Legion.”

The original star-spangled banner was about forty feet in length. For some years after the attack on Fort McHenry, it was used on special occasions. We are told that it adorned the war-tent of George Washington at Fort McHenry on the fourteenth of September, in the year 1824, when a great reception was given to General Lafayette.

The memory of Francis Scott Key has been honored in many ways. In the year 1874, James Lick, the California millionaire, moved by a wave of patriotic feeling, gave \$150,000 toward a fund being raised for the building of a monument to Key in San Francisco. There is also in Baltimore a very beautiful monument to his memory. And on the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church in that city is a tablet to Key, setting forth the fact that the church stands on the site of the house in which the poet died.

Thus it is that we honor the memory of Francis Scott Key, who gave us the noble lines that have quickened patriotism in the generations



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The Stars and Stripes Abroad: American Troops Parading in Paris on Bastille Day, July 14, 1919

that have come after him, and will continue to inspire it in generations yet unborn.

J. L. HARBOUR.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

OH, SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through
the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal-
lantly streaming;

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting
in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was
still there.

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the
deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half dis-
closes?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

• • • • •
Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and foul war's
desolation,

Blest with victory and peace, may the Heav'n-
rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and pre-
served us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

OLD FLAG

WHAT shall I say to you, Old Flag?
You are so grand in every fold,
So linked with mighty deeds of old,
So steeped in blood where heroes fell,
So torn and pierced by shot and shell,
So calm, so still, so firm, so true,
My throat swells at the sight of you,
Old Flag.

What of the men who lifted you, Old Flag,
Upon the top of Bunker's Hill,
Who crushed the Briton's cruel will,
'Mid shock and roar and crash and scream,
Who crossed the Delaware's frozen stream,
Who starved, who fought, who bled, who died,
That you might float in glorious pride,
Old Flag?

Who of the women brave and true, Old Flag,
Who, while the cannon thundered wild,
Sent forth a husband, lover, child,
Who labored in the field by day,
Who, all the night long, knelt to pray,
And thought that God great mercy gave,
If only freely you might wave,
Old Flag?

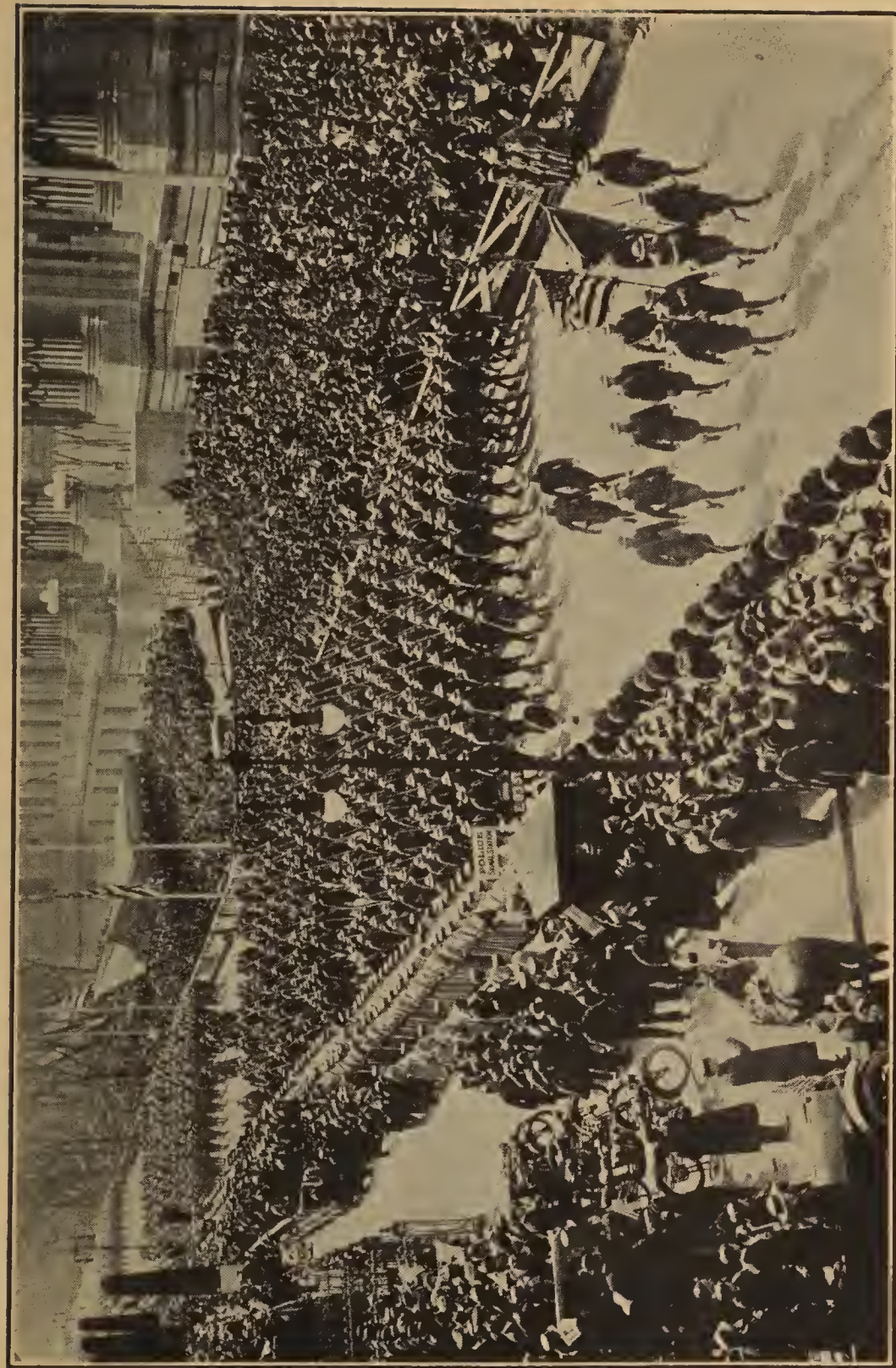
What is your mission now, Old Flag?
What but to set all people free,
To rid the world of misery,
To guard the right, avenge the wrong,
And gather in one joyful throng
Beneath your folds in close embrace
All burdened ones of every race,
Old Flag?

Right nobly do you lead the way, Old Flag,
Your stars shine out for liberty.
Your white stripes stand for purity,
Your crimson claims that courage high
For Honor's sake to fight and die.
Lead on against the alien shore!
We'll follow you e'en to Death's door,
Old Flag!
HUBBARD PARKER.

TO ARMS

AWAKE! arise, ye men of might!
The glorious hour is nigh,—
Your eagle pauses in his flight,
And screams his battle-cry.

From North to South, from East to West;
Send back an answering cheer,



The Stars and Stripes at Home: A Parade of American Soldiers Returned from the War

And say farewell to peace and rest,
And banish doubt and fear.

Arm! arm! your country bids you arm!
Fling out your banners free—
Let drum and trumpet sound alarm,
O'er mountains, plain, and sea.

March onward from th' Atlantic shore,
To Rio Grande's tide—
Fight as your fathers fought of yore!
Die as your fathers died!

Go! vindicate your country's fame,
Avenge your country's wrong!
The sons should own a deathless name,
To whom such sires belong.

The kindred of the noble dead
As noble deeds should dare:
The fields whereon their blood was shed
A deeper stain must bear.

To arms! to arms! ye men of might;
Away from home, away!
The first and foremost in the fight
Are sure to win the day!

PARK BENJAMIN.

OLD IRONSIDES*

“Old Ironsides” was a nickname given to the *Constitution*, which for the years and nature of its service became the most famous of American war-vessels. It took part in many important engagements in the War with Tripoli and the Second War with Great Britain. The most famous of these was the fight with the English *Guerrière*, which was left totally disabled at the end of thirty minutes. In 1830, when “Old Ironsides” proved unseaworthy and was ordered dismantled, Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a student at Harvard Law School, published this poem in the *Boston Advertiser*. It aroused so much feeling among the American people that the old boat was spared.

AY, TEAR her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar:—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,

*Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SCHOOL-BOY*

DANIEL WEBSTER

I DO not remember when or by whom I was taught to read; because I cannot and never could recollect a time when I could not read the Bible. I suppose I was taught by my mother, or by my elder sisters. My father seemed to have no higher object in the world than to educate his children, to the full extent of his very limited

*From Hart's "How our Grandfathers Lived." Used by permission of and special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

ability. No means were within his reach, generally speaking, but the small town schools. These were kept by teachers, sufficiently indifferent, in the several neighborhoods of the township, each a small part of the year. To these I was sent with the other children.

When the school was in our neighborhood, it was easy to attend; when it removed to a more distant district I followed it, still living at home. While yet quite young, and in winter, I was sent daily two and a half or three miles to the school. When it removed still farther, my father sometimes boarded me out, in a neighboring family, so that I could still be in the school.

In these schools nothing was taught but reading and writing; and, as to these, the first I generally could perform better than the teacher, and the last a good master could hardly instruct me in; writing was so laborious, irksome, and repulsive an occupation to me always. My masters used to tell me that they feared, after all, my fingers were destined for the plough-tail.

I must do myself the justice to say that, in those boyish days, there were two things I did dearly love: reading and playing.

At a very early day, owing I believe mainly to the exertions of Mr. Thompson the lawyer, the clergyman, and my father, a very small

circulating library had been bought. I obtained some of these books, and read them. I remember the "Spectator" among them.

I was fond of poetry. By far the greater part of Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns I could repeat from memory at ten or twelve years of age. I am sure that no other sacred poetry will ever appear to me so affecting and devout.

I remember that my father brought home from some of the lower towns Pope's "Essay on Man," published in a sort of pamphlet. I took it, and very soon could repeat it, from beginning to end. We had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing. We thought they were all to be got by heart.

It so happened that within the few months during which I was at the Exeter Academy, Mr. Thacher, now judge of the Municipal Court of Boston, and Mr. Emery, the distinguished counsellor at Portland, were my instructors. I am proud to call them both masters. I believe I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to while in this school; but there was one thing I could not do. I could not make a declamation. I could not speak before the school. The kind, excellent Buckminster sought, especially, to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like other boys, but I

could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse, in my own room, over and over again; yet when the day came, when the school collected to hear declamations, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed, and entreated, most winningly, that I would venture; but I could never command sufficient resolution. When the occasion was over, I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification.

In February, 1797, my father carried me to the Rev. Samuel Wood's, in Boscawen, and placed me under the tuition of that most benevolent and excellent man. It was but half a dozen miles from our own house. On the way to Mr. Wood's, my father first intimated to me his intention of sending me to college. The very idea thrilled my whole frame. He said he then lived but for his children, and if I would do all I could for myself, he would do what he could for me. I remember that I was quite overcome, and my head grew dizzy. The thing appeared to me so high, and the expense and sacrifice it was to cost my father so great, I could only press his hands and shed tears.

Mr. Wood accomplished his promise, and I entered Dartmouth College, as a Freshman, August, 1797. At Boscawen, I had found another circulating library, and had read many of its volumes. I remember especially that I found "Don Quixote" in the common translation. I began to read it, and it is literally true that I never closed my eyes till I had finished it; nor did I lay it down for five minutes; so great was the power of that extraordinary book on my imagination.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE YOUTH OF LINCOLN*

HE WAS long; he was strong; he was wiry. He was never sick, was always good-natured, never a bully, always a friend of the weak, the small, and the unprotected. He must have been a funny-looking boy. His skin was sallow, and his hair was black. He wore a linsey-woolsey shirt, buckskin breeches, a coonskin cap, and heavy "clumps" of shoes. He grew so fast that his breeches never came down to the tops of his shoes, and, instead of stockings, you could always see "twelve inches of shinbones," sharp,

*From "The True Story of Abraham Lincoln" by Eldridge S. Brooks. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

blue, and narrow. He laughed much, was always ready to give and take jokes and hard knocks, had a squeaky, changing voice, a small head, big ears, and was always what Thackeray called "a gentle-man." Such was Abraham Lincoln at fifteen.

He was never cruel, mean, or unkind. His first composition was on cruelty to animals, written because he had tried to make the other boys stop "teasin' tarrypins"—that is, catching turtles and putting hot coals on their backs just to make them move along lively. He had to work hard at home; for his father would not, and things needed to be attended to if "the place" was to be kept from dropping to pieces.

He became a great reader. He read every book and newspaper he could get hold of, and if he came across anything in his reading that he wished to remember he would copy it on a shingle, because writing paper was scarce, and either learn it by heart or hide the shingle away until he could get some paper to copy it on. His father thought he read too much. "It will spile him for work," he said. "He don't do half enough about the place, as it is, now, and books and papers ain't no good." But Abraham, with all his reading, did more work than his father any day; his stepmother, too, took his side and

at last got her husband to let the boy read and study at home. "Abe was a good son to me," she said, many, many years after, "and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him. We would just let him read on and on till he quit of his own accord."

The boy kept a sort of shingle scrap-book; he kept a paper scrap-book, too. Into these he would put whatever he cared to keep—poetry, history, funny sayings, fine passages. He had a scrap-book for his arithmetic "sums," too, and one of these is still in existence with this boyish rhyme in a boyish scrawl, underneath one of his tables of weights and measures:

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen
he will be good but
god knows when.

God did know when; and that boy, all unconsciously, was working toward the day when his hand and pen were to do more for humanity than any other hand or pen of modern times.

Lamps and candles were almost unknown in his home, and Abraham, flat on his stomach, would often do his reading, writing, and ciphering in the firelight, as it flashed and flickered on the big hearth of his log-cabin home. An

older cousin, John Hanks, who lived for a while with the Lincolns, says that when "Abe," as he always called the great President, would come home, as a boy, from his work, he would go to the cupboard, take a piece of corn bread for his supper, sit down on a chair, stretch out his long legs until they were higher than his head—and read, and read, and read. "Abe and I," said John Hanks, "worked barefoot; grubbed it, ploughed it, mowed and cradled it; ploughed corn, gathered corn, and shucked corn, and Abe read constantly whenever he could get a chance."

One day Abraham found that a man for whom he sometimes worked owned a copy of Weems's "Life of Washington." This was a famous book in its day. Abraham borrowed it at once. When he was not reading it, he put it away on a shelf—a clapboard resting on wooden pins. There was a big crack between the logs, behind the shelf, and one rainy day the "Life of Washington" fell into the crack and was soaked almost into pulp. Old Mr. Crawford, from whom Abraham borrowed the book, was a cross, cranky, and sour old fellow, and when the boy told him of the accident he said Abraham must "work the book out."

The boy agreed, and the old farmer kept him so strictly to his promise that he made him "pull

fodder” for the cattle three days, as payment for the book! And that is the way that Abraham Lincoln bought his first book. For he dried the copy of Weems’s “Life of Washington” and put it in his library. But what boy or girl of to-day would like to buy books at such a price?

This was the boy-life of Abraham Lincoln. It was a life of poverty, privation, hard work, little play, and less money. The boy did not love work. But he worked. His father was rough and often harsh and hard to him, and what Abraham learned was by making the most of his spare time. He was inquisitive, active, and hardy, and, in his comfortless boyhood, he was learning lessons of self-denial, independence, pluck, shrewdness, kindness, and persistence.

In the spring of 1830, there was another “moving time” for the Lincolns. The corn and the cattle, the farm and its hogs were all sold at public “vandoo,” or auction, at low figures; and with all their household goods on a big “ironed” wagon drawn by four oxen, the three related families of Hanks, Hall, and Lincoln, thirteen in all, pushed on through the mud and across rivers, high from the spring freshets, out of Indiana, into Illinois.

Abraham held the “gad” and guided the oxen.

He carried with him, also, a little stock of pins, needles, thread, and buttons. These he peddled along the way; and, at last, after fifteen days of slow travel, the emigrants came to the spot picked out for a home. This time it was on a small bluff on the north fork of the Sangamon River, ten miles west of the town of Decatur. The usual log house was built; the boys, with the oxen, "broke up," or cleared, fifteen acres of land, and split enough rails to fence it in. Abraham could swing his broad-axe better than any man or boy in the West; at one stroke he could bury the axe-blade to the haft in a log, and he was already famous as an expert rail-splitter.

By this time his people were settled in their new home, Abraham Lincoln was twenty-one. He was "of age"—he was a man! By the law of the land he was freed from his father's control; he could shift for himself, and he determined to do so. This did not mean that he disliked his father. It simply meant that he had no intention of following his father's example. Thomas Lincoln had demanded all the work his son could do and all the wages he could earn, and Abraham felt that he could not have a fair chance to accomplish anything or get ahead in the world if he continued living with this shiftless, never-satisfied, do-nothing man.

So he struck out for himself. In the summer of 1830, Abraham left home and "hired out" on his own account, wherever he could get a job in the new country into which he had come. In that region of big farms and no fences, these latter were needed, and Abraham Lincoln's stalwart arm and well-swung axe came well into play, cutting up logs for fences. He was what was called in that western country a "rail-splitter." Indeed, one of the first things he did when he struck out for himself was to split four hundred rails for every yard of "blue jeans" necessary to make him a pair of trousers. From which it will be seen that work was easier to get than clothes.

He soon became as much of a favorite in Illinois as he had been in Indiana. Other work came to him, and, in 1831, he "hired out" with a man named Offutt to help sail a flat-boat down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Mr. Offutt had heard that "Abe" Lincoln was a good river-hand, strong, steady, honest, reliable, accustomed to boating, and that he had already made one trip down the river. So he engaged young Lincoln at what seemed to the young rail-splitter princely wages—fifty cents a day, and a third share in the sixty dollars which was to be divided among the three boatmen at the end of the trip.

They built the flat-boat at a saw mill near a place called Sangamon town, "Abe" serving as cook of the camp while the boat was being built. Then, loading the craft with barrel-pork, hogs, and corn, they started on their voyage south. At a place called New Salem the flat-boat ran aground; but Lincoln's ingenuity got it off. He rigged up a queer contrivance of his own invention and lifted the boat off and over the obstruction, while all New Salem stood on the bank, first to criticise and then to applaud.

Just what this invention was I cannot explain. But if you ever go into the patent office at Washington, ask to see Abraham Lincoln's patent for transporting river boats over snags and shoals. The wooden model is there; for, so pleased was Lincoln with the success that he thought seriously of becoming an inventor, and his first design was the patent granted to him in 1849, the idea for which grew out of this successful floating of Offutt's flat-boat over the river snags at New Salem nineteen years before.

Once again he visited New Orleans, returning home, as before, by steamboat. That voyage is remarkable, because it first opened young Lincoln's eyes to the enormity of African slavery. Of course, he had seen slaves before; but the sight of a slave sale in the old market place of

New Orleans seems to have aroused his anger and given him an intense hatred of slave-holding. He, himself, declared, years after, that it was that visit to New Orleans that had set him so strongly against slavery.

There is a story told by one of his companions that Lincoln looked for a while upon the dreadful scenes of the slave market and then, turning away, said excitedly, "Come away, boys! If I ever get a chance, some day, to hit that thing"—and he flung his long arm toward the dreadful auction block—"I'll hit it hard."

Soon after he returned from his flat-boat trip to New Orleans he had an opportunity to show that he could not and would not stand what is termed "foul play." The same Mr. Offutt who had hired Lincoln to be one of the flat-boat "boys," gave him another opportunity for work. Offutt was what is called in the West a "hustler"; he had lots of "great ideas" and plans for making money; and, among his numerous enterprises, was one to open a country store and mill at New Salem—the very same village on the Sangamon where, by his "patent invention," Lincoln had lifted the flat-boat off the snags.

Mr. Offutt had taken a great fancy to Lincoln and offered him a place as clerk in the New Salem store. The young fellow jumped at the chance.

It seemed to him quite an improvement on being a farm-hand, a flat-boat man, or a rail-splitter. It was, indeed, a step upward; for it gave him better opportunities for self-instruction and more chances for getting ahead.

Offutt's store was a favorite "loafing place" for the New Salem boys and young men. Among these, were some of the roughest fellows in the settlement. They were known as the "Clary Grove Boys," and they were always ready for a fight, in which they would sometimes prove themselves to be bullies and tormentors. When, therefore, Offutt began to brag about his new clerk the Clary Grove Boys made fun at him; whereupon the storekeeper cried: "What's that? You can throw him? Well, I reckon not. 'Abe' Lincoln can out-run, out-walk, out-rattle, knock out, and throw down any man in Sangamon County." This was too much for the Clary Grove Boys. They took up Offutt's challenge, and, against "Abe," set up, as their champion and "best man," one Jack Armstrong.

All this was done without Lincoln's knowledge. He had no desire to get into a row with any one—least of all with the bullies who made up the Clary Grove Boys.

"I won't do it," he said, when Offutt told him of the proposed wrestling match. "I never tus-



The Lincoln Cabin

sle and scuffle, and I will not, I don't like this wooling and pulling."

"Don't let them call you a coward, 'Abe,'" said Offutt.

Of course, you know what the end would be to such an affair. Nobody likes to be called a coward—especially when he knows he is not one. So, at last, Lincoln consented to "rassle" with Jack Armstrong. They met, with all the boys as spectators. They wrestled, and tugged, and clinched, but without result. Both young fellows were equally matched in strength. "It's no use, Jack," Lincoln at last declared. "Let's quit. You can't throw me, and I can't throw you. That's enough."

With that, all Jack's backers began to cry "coward!" and urged on the champion to another tussle. Jack Armstrong was now determined to win, by fair means or foul. He tried the latter, and, contrary to all rules of wrestling, began to kick and trip, while his supporters stood ready to help, if need be, by breaking in with a regular free fight. This "foul play" roused the lion in Lincoln. He hated unfairness, and at once resented it. He suddenly put forth his Samson-like strength, grabbed the champion of the Clary Grove Boys by the throat, and, lifting him from the ground, held him at arm's length

and shook him as a dog shakes a rat. Then he flung him to the ground, and, facing the amazed and yelling crowd, he cried: "You cowards! You know I don't want to fight; but if you try any such games, I'll tackle the whole lot of you. I've won the fight."

He had. From that day, no men in all that region dared to "tackle" young Lincoln, or to taunt him with cowardice. And Jack Armstrong was his devoted friend and admirer.

I have told you more, perhaps, of the famous fight than I ought—not because it was a fight, but because it gives you a glimpse of Abraham Lincoln's character. He disliked rows; he was too kind-hearted and good-natured to wish to quarrel with any one; but he hated unfairness, and was enraged at anything like persecution or bullying. If you will look up Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet" you will see that Lincoln was ready to act upon the advice that old Polonius gave to his son Laertes:

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee."

He became quite a man in that little community. As a clerk he was obliging and strictly honest. He was the judge and the settler of

all disputes, and none thought of combating his decisions. He was the village peace-maker. He hated profanity, drunkenness, and unkindness to women. He was feared and respected by all, and even the Clary Grove Boys declared, at last, that he was "the cleverest feller that ever broke into the settlement."

All the time, too, he was trying to improve himself. He liked to sit around and talk and tell stories, just the same as ever; but he saw this was not the way to get on in the world. He worked, whenever he had the chance, outside of his store duties; and once, when trade was dull and hands were short in the clearing, he "turned to" and split enough logs into rails to make a pen for a thousand hogs.

When he was not at work he devoted himself to his books. He could "read, write, and cipher"—this was more education than most men about him possessed; but he hoped, some day, to go before the public; to do this, he knew he must speak and write correctly. He talked to the village schoolmaster, who advised him to study English grammar.

"Well, if I had a grammar," said Lincoln, "I'd begin now. Have you got one?"

The schoolmaster had no grammar; but he told "Abe" of a man, six miles off, who owned

one. Thereupon, Lincoln started upon the run to borrow that grammar. He brought it back so quickly that the schoolmaster was astonished. Then he set to work to learn the "rules and exceptions." He studied that grammar, stretched full length on the store counter, or under a tree outside the store, or at night before a blazing fire of shavings in the cooper's shop. And soon he had mastered it. He borrowed every book in New Salem; he made the schoolmaster give him lessons in the store; he buttonholed every stranger that came into the place "who looked as though he knew anything"; until, at last, everyone in New Salem was ready to echo Offutt's boast that "Abe" Lincoln knew more than any man "in these United States." One day, in the bottom of an old barrel of trash, he made a splendid "find." It was two old law books. He read and re-read them, got all the sense and argument out of their dry pages, blossomed into a debater, began to dream of being a lawyer, and became so skilled in seeing through and settling knotty questions that, once again, New Salem wondered at this clerk of Offutt's, who was as long of head as of arms and legs, and declared that "'Abe' Lincoln could out-argue any ten men in the settlement."

In all the history of America there has been no



Lincoln and Tad

man who started lower and climbed higher than Abraham Lincoln, the backwoods boy. He never “slipped back.” He always kept going ahead. He broadened his mind, enlarged his outlook, and led his companions rather than let them lead him. He was jolly company, good-natured, kind-hearted, fond of jokes and stories and a good time generally; but he was the champion of the weak, the friend of the friendless, as true a knight and as full of chivalry as any one of the heroes in armor of whom you read in “Ivanhoe” or “The Talisman.” He never cheated, never lied, never took an unfair advantage of any one; but he was ambitious, strong-willed, a bold fighter and a tough adversary—a fellow who would “never say die”; and who, therefore, succeeded.

ELDRIDGE S. BROOKS.

THREE LINCOLN ANECDOTES

“IT OCCURS TO ME THAT I AM COMMANDER!”

ONE winter’s night, Lincoln, coming out of his rooms at the Executive Mansion to make his usual round before retiring, noticed just outside the outer doors a frail-looking young soldier

contending with the storm, which pitilessly scourged him with sleet.

“Young man,” said Lincoln, opening the door, “you have a cold job to-night. Come inside and guard here.”

The soldier very properly insisted that he was posted outside the door by strict command and that he must not budge until further orders from the corporal or the corporal’s superior.

“Hold on, there!” cried Lincoln, pleased at being supplied with his chance; “it occurs to me that I am commander-in-chief! and so, I order you to come inside!”

TAD’S SOLUTION

The end of the Civil War pleased everybody. On April 11, 1865, President Lincoln spoke out of his study window to an immense and joyous crowd. There were rockets and a huge bonfire, and the President had just been serenaded. His impromptu speech was full of compassion and brotherly love.

Mr. Harlan, who followed the chief, touched the major key: “What shall we do with the rebels?” To which the mob responded, hoarsely: “Hang them!”

Lincoln’s little son, Tad, was in the room,

playing with the quills on the table where his father made his notes. He looked at his father, and said, as one whose intimacy made him familiar with his inmost thoughts:

“No, papa; not hang them—but hang on to them!”

The President triumphantly repeated:

“We must hang on to them! Tad’s got it!”

ONE WAY OF DOING IT

It was during the “Black Hawk War,” in 1831. Captain Lincoln was drilling his men, marching the twenty or so all abreast, when he found himself confronted by a narrow gap in a fence through which he must needs manœuvre his little army.

Said he: “I could not for the life of me remember the proper words of command for getting my company endwise so that it could get through the gateway; so as we came near the passage, I shouted:

“Company, halt! break ranks! you are dismissed for two minutes. Then fall in again on the other side of the gap!”

“BOOTS AND SADDLES”*

IT WAS December, 1864, and General Hood was making his mournful retreat from Nashville. General Forrest was ordered to protect this retreat if possible and to hold the Federals in check while the Confederate forces escaped.

This was immediately after the terrible defeat of the Confederates by General Thomas, which occurred on December 16th; and it was the utter desperation of the situation that had suggested a rear guard, which should play the part of Marshal Ney's men in Napoleon's famous flight from Moscow.

During the bitter night of the 21st, General Forrest, with a small rear guard of infantry and cavalry, had crossed a little stream, Duck River, and camped on the Warfield place, about four miles distant from Columbia. Every movement of the Federal forces was closely watched, but in the morning it was discovered that by some manœuvre a portion of the Federal command had succeeded in crossing the river also.

A scout at once dashed up to General Forrest with this information.

“What!” cried the general, angrily, “you have

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allowed the enemy to pass! Great heavens, then we are in for it! Quick, call a courier!” Turning, he himself saw and hailed a young soldier, Preston Young, who was standing a short distance away.

“Here, boy, quick! Where’s your horse? Ride at once, and tell Armstrong to bring up his brigade in a gallop!”

The boy’s face flushed with eagerness, his eyes flashed with full intelligence—he knew well the danger this order suggested, a possible encounter between the brave rear guard, only a handful of men, half frozen and half starved, and the Federal force of full sixty thousand men. He sprang to his horse, picketed near by, mounted and turned toward the tents.

“Here, where are you going?” shouted General Forrest.

“For my blanket, General,” answered the boy.

“No time for blankets! To Armstrong at once, and don’t spare the horse!”

With a respectful salute the young soldier was off like a flash. The day was bitterly cold, the turnpike was covered with sleet and ice, snow lay in deep drifts on every side, and the wind whistled and howled and cut like a knife as he rode in its face, never pausing nor drawing rein.

It grew colder, and still colder. The suffering

of the poor fellow became almost unendurable. Friendly houses were passed here and there and the smoke curling from their chimneys spoke of warmth, a hot blaze, a hot meal, and kindly hearts. He was only a boy, and, until this terrible war, had been tenderly cared for; he was very thinly clad, and only a little threadbare jacket of gray, over a thinner shirt, covered his breast. Should he stop and warm his hands?—they were without gloves and almost frozen. Should he go in just for a moment to the warmth and glow of the fireside in the home he was passing? He was so terribly cold he could scarcely think—his very brain seemed to be freezing.

But he rode on, the heart beating under the little gray jacket was true—it was loyal to the imposed duty. The general had refused him a moment to get his blanket; whatever the suffering, he would obey orders and go forward.

In a dazed way he was thinking of home; that it was almost Christmas; that—he wondered would he ever see home again. Then he swayed in his seat, bent forward over the saddle, and then, somehow saw his mother's face and heard her voice:

“Be brave, be true; do your duty whatever comes!”

He could not speak to his horse now, but stuck

the point of the stirrup into his flank and hastened forward. The last mile of the ride was almost over. In a few moments more he dashed into Armstrong's camp, and the horse suddenly stopped. Half falling from the saddle, half lifted, the boy was carried to the general, who sat in a little cabin before a hot fire. But the young soldier was speechless; his lips, blue and drawn, would not frame a word. Anxiously those around looked into his glazed eyes, feeling that some momentous order was in his keeping. Suddenly, by a great effort, he cried out just three words:

“Boots and Saddles!”

This was understood. In an instant orderlies were dashing about, and men flying in every direction preparing for an immediate march.

In half an hour they were ready, the young soldier had recovered, had given the order in full, and was again in the saddle, flying back to the scene of action.

Armstrong's men went at a gallop down the sleet-covered pike and joined Forrest in time. The noble rear guard did its duty and held the Federals back for six long days, while Hood's army made the retreat from Nashville.

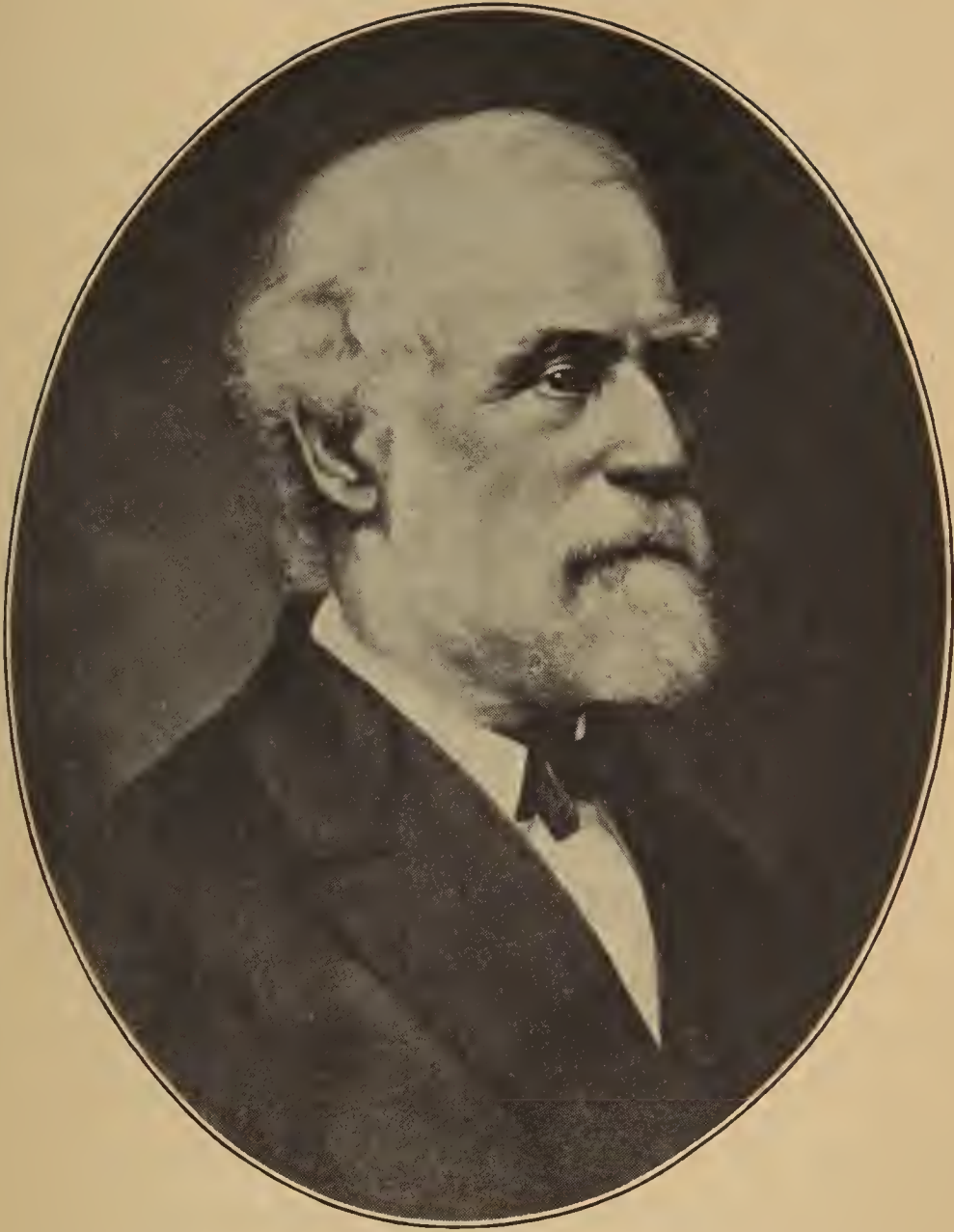
Preston Young continued his faithful service to the “Cause” until the surrender of Forrest's

command at Greenville, Alabama, in May, 1865. Then he returned to his old home in Memphis.

ROBERT E. LEE

No list of great Americans would be complete without the name of Robert Edward Lee, and his name would stand high on that roll. Some have lost sight of the true character of Lee because he commanded the armies of the Confederacy during our Civil War. But in this he made an honest choice, so that to have done otherwise than he did do would have been wrong for him.

Lee was born in Virginia on January 19, 1807, of a family which took the deepest sort of pride in its state, which loved its state with intense devotion, and which had had much to do with making Virginia great among her sister states. His father, Colonel Henry Lee, "Light-Horse Harry," was a famous leader in the Revolutionary War, a "fiery soldier," and a warm friend of Washington. "Light-Horse Harry" Lee died when his son Robert was only eleven years old, but he had lived long enough to develop in his son his same deep love for Virginia and the ambition to become a great soldier.



Robert E. Lee, the General of the Confederacy

From 1825 to 1829 Robert E. Lee was a cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point. After graduation he was stationed for a time at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, in the Engineer Corps. In 1831 he married Mary Custis, great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, and through her came into control of the vast Arlington* estate, in Virginia near Washington. In those days this estate was one of many acres, buildings, and slaves.

Before the Mexican War Lee was occupied with many of the projects the Engineers had to carry out. He settled a boundary dispute between Ohio and Michigan; he had much to do with building the defenses around New York City; and he was most successful in his work to control the course of the Mississippi River.

Lee entered the Mexican War a captain. For his services during the war, for his bravery and energy, he was made a major, then a lieutenant-colonel, and finally a colonel. The war over, he returned home a colonel of Engineers, ready to take up again the building operations in which his branch of the army was and is constantly engaged.

*The mansion is still standing and can easily be reached from the city of Washington. The estate is now owned by the United States Government which converted it into the National Cemetery where many of the soldiers and sailors of our flag find their last resting place.

In 1852 he was made superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, from which he had graduated in 1829. Here Lee remained until 1855, when he was made lieutenant-colonel of a cavalry regiment which had just been organized. This appointment kept him in the Western States almost up to the outbreak of the Civil War, while his family remained at Arlington.

A GREAT DECISION

During these years the war-clouds were gathering. Lee could see them coming, even though he was far away from the center of the approaching storm, a storm that was to bring him much sorrow, privation, and sacrifice. Robert E. Lee did not believe in slavery; he had freed his own slaves before the Civil War. He did not believe that it would be wise for the Southern States to secede from the Union. He hoped the president (then President Buchanan) could restrain the hot-heads on both sides, so that love for country and the Union could be cultivated and peace and harmony between North and South restored. But these wiser counsels did not prevail. Our country was thrown into war, the Southern States with-

drew from the Union, and among them was Virginia.

In April, 1861, Robert E. Lee was offered the supreme command of the United States Army. Gen. Winfield Scott, one of the heroes of the Mexican War, did all he could to get Lee to accept this, the highest place in the army. Here was an opportunity to gain for himself the greatest honor, and Lee loved his country and his country's flag, under which he had fought and served for so many years. But Virginia had withdrawn from the Union, and Lee could not set himself in the conflict that was so soon to break out against his home, his relatives, his friends, and his state. After days of prayerful thought he reached one of the greatest decisions of his life. On April 20, 1861, he resigned his commission in the United States Army, and retired to private life. In a letter to General Scott he wrote: "Save in defense of my native state, I never desire again to draw my sword."

A little while after this event Lee was placed in command of the military forces of his state and later, when the Confederacy was formed, he commanded the famous Army of Northern Virginia, eventually becoming commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies.

The many campaigns during the Civil War

conducted under his generalship need no explanation here. Your history will tell you all about them. Military authorities generally have given Lee high rank among the leaders of all history. As a soldier he was humane and kind, he observed all the rules of civilized warfare, he respected the rights of non-combatants (men not in the army, women, and children), and he never permitted the useless destruction of property.

A GREATER DECISION

After four years of terrible fighting General Lee at Appomattox made a greater decision, which showed the strength of his character. He saw that further struggle was useless, yet some of the leaders of the Confederacy wished to continue the fight by withdrawing into the mountains. To surrender a great army in the face of this was a fearful responsibility, but Lee was unflinchingly brave again. He decided it was right to save further bloodshed by laying down his arms. And he took upon himself all of the responsibility for this act. So General Lee, the great soldier and leader, met General Grant, his determined and valiant opponent, in a little house near Appomattox where the terms of surrender were negotiated. Grant took no vic-

tor's advantage, but in a large-hearted spirit gave Lee every assistance toward restoring the Confederate soldiers to their homes. General Grant took General Lee's parole (promise not to fight against the United States) and that of his men. In after years Grant forced the Government to respect the terms he had made, when, after President Lincoln's assassination, some people desired to punish the Confederate soldiers.

General Morris Schaff, a Federal officer present at the surrender, said of Lee:

It is easy to see why Lee has become the embodiment of one of the world's ideals, that of the soldier, the Christian, and the gentleman. And from the bottom of my heart I thank Heaven . . . for the comfort of having a character like Lee's to look at.

After bidding his army an affectionate farewell, General Lee returned to Richmond. When he arrived there and entered his own home, his people saw him for the last time in his uniform.

Having lost nearly all of his possessions, Lee was now confronted with the necessity of making a living for himself and his family. Offers of aid came from England, and from the North came offers of position, but he declined all of these.

As he said: "I have led the young men of the South in battle. I must now teach their sons to discharge their duties in life."

In August, 1865, he was offered the presidency of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia. This was the sort of opportunity he wanted, because it gave him a chance to help educate the young men of his state, and to help restore the country to something near its previous condition. In September he mounted Traveller, his famous horse, and rode the more than one hundred miles to Lexington to take up his new duties. Here he spent the next and last five years of his life, patiently working to restore the ruined people and country. As the result of his work many gifts came to the college, the number of students increased, and good effects were seen all over the state.

On October 12, 1870, after a few weeks of illness, Lee laid down his task forever. People North and South united to pay him homage. A great American had lived, labored, and passed on.

Theodore Roosevelt once said:

Lee will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth.

One of the finest tributes to Lee, the American, was published at the time of his death in a New York newspaper, in which it was said:

. . . Robert Edward Lee was an American, and the great nation which gave him birth would be to-day unworthy of such a son if she regarded him lightly.

Never had mother nobler son. In him the military genius of America developed to a greater extent than ever before. In him all that was pure in mind and purpose found lodgment. . . . *

*New York *Herald*.

A NATION'S STRENGTH*

NOT gold, but only man can make
A people great and strong.
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

*Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER*

SHOULDER to shoulder! Each man in his place!
Shoulder to shoulder, and “right about! face!”
We’ve a duty to do ere we grow a day older,
And the way we can do it is—shoulder to
shoulder!

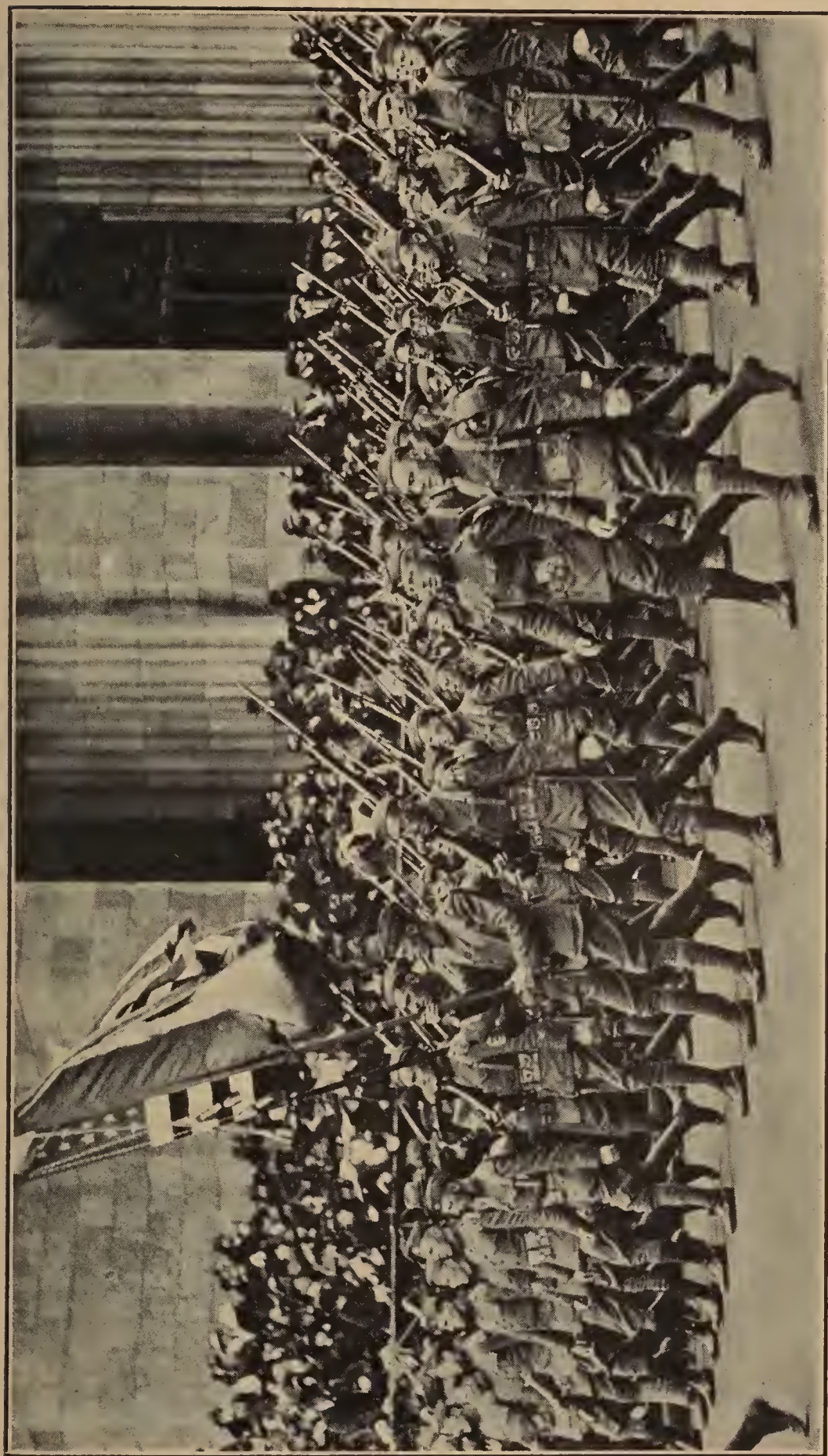
Shoulder to shoulder! Each man in the line!
Shoulder to shoulder! The Flag for a sign!
Yes, let us not weaken, but let us grow bolder,
And rally and sally with—“shoulder to
shoulder!”

Shoulder to shoulder! Each man in his might!
Shoulder to shoulder! We fight for the right!
The land of our love—may our courage enfold
her!

May we work—and not shirk—for her, shoulder
to shoulder!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

*Reprinted from “Fifes and Drums” by permission of The Vigilantes.



Shoulder to Shoulder: The 77th Division Passing the Cathedral in New York

THE VOICE OF DUTY*

IN AN age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight?

.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near to God is man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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THE VOLUNTEER*

UNCONQUERED by the thought of death
Or wounds that ache and bleed,
His veins are filled with throbbing fire
In the vast hour of need.

No selfish caution binds his hands,
Or chains his eager feet—
"On to the front!" his watchword is,
Through triumph or defeat.

*From *Scribner's Magazine*; copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission of the author and of the publishers.

A nation has the mighty power
His inmost soul to stir—
He does not deem it sacrifice
To give himself for her.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNES.

MY COUNTRY

FROM sea to sea my country lies
Beneath the splendor of the skies.

Far reach its plains, its hills are high,
Its mountains look up to the sky.

Its lakes are clear as crystal bright,
Its rivers sweep through vale and height.

America, my native land,
To thee I give my heart and hand.

God in His might chose thee to be
The country of the noble free!

MARIE ZETTERBERG..

THE RED CROSS MOTHER

CLARA BARTON

EVERY boy and girl in America, old enough to read this book, knows the sign of the Red Cross. You see it as you come to school in the morning, pinned in the window of some rich man's home or tacked to the rickety cart of the apple-woman on the corner. You know that it stands in this country for that great organization, the American Red Cross, which is pledged to relieve the suffering caused by war, fire, famine, or any other national disaster. For this reason, you know, all good citizens, old and young, rich and poor, honor this symbol.

Not many of you, however, can remember the woman who started the work of the Red Cross in America. Her name was Clara Barton. Her birthplace was Oxford, Massachusetts, and she was born on Christmas Day, in the year 1821.

She had two big brothers and two older sisters, each of whom took delight in playing with the little "Christmas baby" and teaching her as she grew older. Soon she began to develop traits which were to become very prominent in her womanhood.

She was, we are told, always active and in-

dustrious. Very quickly she learned to read and write, to sew and cook, and to care for the chickens and turkeys her brothers raised. When she was tiny, her brother David, who was known as the Buffalo Bill of the neighborhood, taught her to ride a colt; and when she was five she could ride wild horses like a little Mexican. This took courage, for Clara was not naturally brave. All through her life she was subject to bashfulness and to tormenting fears of various sorts; but always she overcame her fears for the sake of other people.

She was a patriotic child. From her father, Stephen Barton, who had fought under "Mad Anthony Wayne" in the Revolutionary War, she heard many stories of obstacles overcome and hardships endured in the early history of the country. From him she acquired an enduring love of country and a pride in these great United States.

When she was eleven, she had her first experience as a nurse. Her brother, David, as the result of a bad accident, became an invalid; and for two years little Clara cared for him, leaving him in all that time for only one half day. During those years she showed the skill, the patience, and persistency which were destined to make her the most beloved nurse in America.

After David's recovery she looked about to find some new work and finally decided to become a teacher. Though only fifteen, she "put down her skirts and put up her hair" and took charge of forty pupils in a little schoolhouse near her home. There she was so jolly and human that all the boys and girls tried to please her, though they had been very disagreeable to the teacher who had been there before. For eighteen years from that time Clara Barton taught school, stopping only once for a year's study at a seminary in New York.

One of her old pupils writes of her: "She was kind to her students, pleasant in her work, gentle in disposition, and took an interest in us all. We loved her almost as much as we loved our mothers, and it was not without pangs of regret that we saw her give up her pupils and school work on account of failing health. She taught school for several years in Bordentown (New Jersey) and showed her charitable spirit by giving up her private school to establish the first public school in the state. I don't think she ever had a pupil who did not love her."

As a result of continuous teaching Miss Barton's voice gave out and she was obliged to find a new means of livelihood. Soon she secured a responsible position in the Patent Office in

Washington. There, as in all the work she ever did, she won respect by her thoroughness and honesty; but she did not remain there long, for she was destined to do a far greater work for her country.

At the outbreak of the Civil War she became the leader of the women who volunteered to care for wounded soldiers. The first needy men to come to Washington were from Massachusetts, her own state; and we can imagine the eagerness with which she heated water, tore up sheets for towels and bandages, or read from the home paper, the *Worcester Spy*, to the soldiers gathered in the Senate Chamber. Later, through the columns of this paper, she asked the people of Massachusetts to send money and clothes for the sick and destitute. So much was sent in response to her appeal that she had to hire a warehouse from which to distribute supplies for the volunteer nurses. In a few months the work had become so heavy that she resigned her position in the Patent Office and devoted all of her time to the soldiers.

As she worked, she found that many men suffered unduly and died because their wounds did not receive attention soon enough. She pondered how this situation could be remedied and finally decided that she herself must go to

the firing-line and care for the wounded right on the field of battle.

For a woman to do this was unheard of; and not only was it against all tradition, but there were strict army rules forbidding such a proceeding. Yet this brave nurse persisted until, after many refusals, she received from the proper authorities permission to go to the front. Her first experience was at the battlefield of Cedar Mountain, where she worked five days and five nights with only three hours of sleep, and narrowly escaped capture. From this time till the end of the war she went on her errands of mercy from one battlefield to another.

Much of her own money and all of her energy and skill went into the work. It seemed that she found opportunity to use everything she had ever learned. At Antietam, for instance, a dying soldier asked for a custard pie—to remind him of home. Miss Barton forthwith went to the crude camp kitchen and made just the kind of pie the poor lad wanted—“one crinkly at the edges, and having the marks of finger-prints.”

Always amid the rough scenes through which she passed she was able to win the respect and protection of the men with whom she worked. Once she was obliged to accompany and superintend a mule army-train driven by ten rough

stout men who resented being under the direction of a woman. Miss Barton said of her first night on that trip:

“While they were busy with their animals, with the aid of my ambulance driver, a fire was kindled (these were the days when fence rails suffered), and I prepared a supper, which I now think would grace a well-spread table. But as I had no table, I spread my cloth upon the ground, poured the coffee, and sent my driver to call the men to supper.

“They came, a little slowly, and not all at once, but as I cordially assigned each to his place, I took my seat with them and ate and chatted as if nothing had happened.

“They were not talkative, but respectful, ate well, and when through, retreated in better order than they came.

“I washed my dishes and was spending the last few moments by the broad bed of coals, for it was chilly, when I saw this whole body of men emerge from the darkness and come toward me.

“As they approached I received them graciously, and invited them all to sit by the fire. . . .

“‘No thank you,’ George (the spokesman) replied, ‘we didn’t come to warm us, we are



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Clara Barton, the Red Cross Mother

used to the cold. But,' he went on slowly, as if it were a little hard to say, 'but we come to tell you we are ashamed of ourselves.' . . .

"The truth is, in the first place we didn't want to come. . . . We never seen a train under charge of a woman before and we couldn't understand it, and we didn't like it, and we thought we'd break it up, and we've been mean and contrary all day, and said a good many hard things and you've treated us like gentlemen.

"We hadn't no right to expect that supper from you, a better meal than we've had in two years. And you've been as polite to us as if we'd been the general and his staff, and it makes us ashamed, and we've come to ask your forgiveness. We sha'n't trouble you no more.' . . .

"I had cooked my last meal for my drivers. These men remained with me six months through frost and snow and march and camp and battle; and nursed the sick, dressed the wounded, soothed the dying, and buried the dead; and, if possible, grew kinder and gentler every day."

Upon the close of the war Miss Barton found new work for the Government. At President Lincoln's request, she began to search for 80,000 missing men. These were the soldiers, who, for all the Government knew, might be alive and free, might have been taken prisoner, or might

be among the "unknown dead." For four years she carried on the work, seeking information, marking unknown graves, and answering the letters of distracted wives, children, and parents.

After this service, she agreed to give three hundred lectures on the war. Thousands of people thronged to hear the brave nurse who had seen so much of the great struggle, and the lectures were a great success until Miss Barton's voice gave out and she was persuaded to go to Europe to regain her health.

She went to Switzerland. There she found the Red Cross organized and was asked why the United States would not sign the Geneva Convention providing for the care of sick and wounded soldiers. To this treaty all other civilized nations in the world had agreed. Miss Barton answered that she did not think the people of her country understood the importance of the treaty, and that she herself would do all in her power to bring the matter before them.

Soon after she made this promise, she had an opportunity to observe the work of the Red Cross on the Franco-Prussian battlefields. She said: "I saw no mistakes, no needless suffering, no waste, no confusion, but order, plenty, cleanliness, and comfort wherever that little flag made its way—a whole continent marshalled

under the banner of the Red Cross. As I saw all this and joined and worked in it, you will not wonder that I said to myself: If I live to return to my country, I will try to make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty.'”

Hard work on the battlefield and among the “war-torn poor” of Europe so sapped Miss Barton’s strength that she had a severe illness which prevented her return to America for several years. As soon as she could, however, she began her work of telling the public about the Red Cross movement. The chief objection to the work, she found, was that Americans were not interested in planning for the wounded because they did not expect to have another war. Then she suggested that the work of the Red Cross in America be extended to relief in time of earthquake, flood, fire, plague, or any national disaster.

Finally, after years of hard work she won the help of the American people, secured President Arthur’s signature to the Geneva Convention, and, soon after, its ratification by the Senate. In the spring of 1882 she became the first president of the American Red Cross.

For twenty-five years then, she labored for this organization, directing the relief work in nineteen national disasters, like the Mississippi

River floods, the Texas famine, the Johnstown flood, massacres of Armenians in Turkey, and the Spanish-American War.

She lived to be more than ninety years old and to the day of her death "the little Red Cross Mother" made service the guiding principle of her life. To her the nature of the service did not seem important as long as she was doing something really useful.

"My dear," she once said to a young friend of hers, "we all tumble over opportunities for being brave and doing good at every step we take. Life is just made of such opportunities."

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I HEAR America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it
should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his
plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for
work, or leaves off work.
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his
boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat
deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench,
the hatter singing as he stands,

The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his
way in the morning, or at noon intermission
or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the
young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or
washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to
none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the
party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious
songs.

WALT WHITMAN.

A MESSAGE FROM FRANCE*

The following letter, translated by Ellen Finley, is one of the many messages which have been received from the schools of France in response to the messages from American schools carried to them by John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education and president of the University of the State of New York. It comes from a pupil in the Lycée Victor Duruy in Paris, which he visited on the 25th of May, 1917, and there heard the pupils singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" in French, and crying in chorus "Vive l'Amérique!"

IT WAS only a little river, almost a brook;
it was called the Yser. One could talk from one

*Reprinted by permission of John H. Finley.

side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.

The ocean is so vast that the seagulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view; but from one side to another the hearts are touching.

ODETTE GASTINET.

LYCÉE VICTOR DURUY, PARIS.

OUR COUNTRY*

WE give our natal day to hope,
O Country of our love and prayer!
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace-fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made,
In future task before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

*Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

The fathers sleep, but men remain
As wise, as true, and brave as they;
Why count the loss and not the gain?—
The best is that we have to-day.

Great without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest, rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity
And strength to simple justice due,
So run our loyal dreams of thee;
God of our fathers!—make it true.

O Land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: A REAL AMERICAN

“THEODORE ROOSEVELT is dead.” That was the news which flashed round the world, January 6, 1919. Then people in this country and in Europe said: “The United States has lost one of her greatest men. He was a *real* American.”

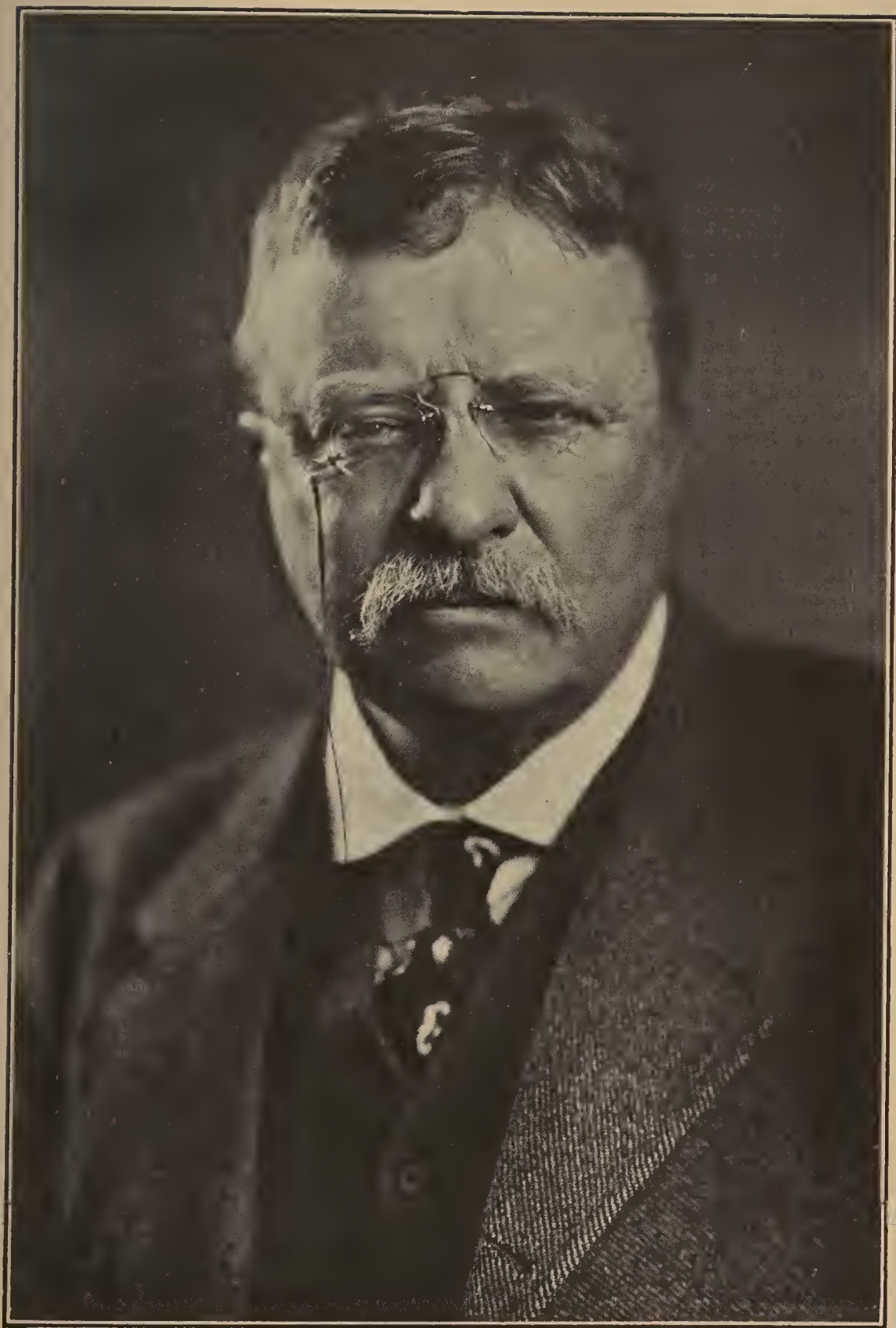
Now what did they mean by “a real American”? Did they think that Roosevelt was like most Americans? In one respect, surely, he differed from most of his countrymen. He was always wealthy, whereas nearly all Americans are not rich.

He was born in a large, comfortable house in New York City—quite different from the log cabin of Abraham Lincoln’s childhood. Every summer the family went to their country home. This was a delightful place where there were many pets—“cats, dogs, rabbits, a coon, and a sorrel Shetland pony named General Grant.”

Unlike Lincoln, Theodore had well-educated parents to instruct him and provide him with all the books and magazines he wanted. He had an aunt who taught him when he was small, and later, tutors and a French governess.

He was taken to Europe when he was ten years old and again when he was fourteen. On the second trip he visited Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Constantinople. Later, with his younger brother and sister, he spent the summer in a German family in Dresden.

At eighteen he entered Harvard University, where he did very well in his studies and in all sports and pastimes. He was a leader in baseball, football, rowing, and boxing. He had, you



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Theodore Roosevelt: A Real American

see, because his parents were rich and wise, “a better chance” than most boys and girls.

As a result of his education, he knew a great deal about a great many things. In this, also, he differed from most Americans, for the average man knows more or less about just one thing—his daily business. Roosevelt, if he had chosen, could have earned his living in a score of ways.

He was, for example, an expert in natural history. This subject, which is the study of the great world out-of-doors, appealed to him when he was very young. As a small boy walking up Broadway in New York City, he saw a dead seal on a slab of wood. It so excited his curiosity that he haunted the place, measured the animal as best he could with a folding pocket foot-rule, and began to write a natural history of his own. In some way he managed to get the skull of that seal and with it started what he called “The Roosevelt Museum of Natural History.”

Later, when he went to Egypt, he collected many birds and learned their names. In Germany he kept his friends nervous by bringing home hedgehogs and snakes, which were always escaping from partially closed drawers. He was allowed, when thirteen years old, to take lessons in taxidermy and was able to prepare the specimens he collected.

In later years, when he became a ranchman in the West, he came face to face with mountain sheep, bobcats, grizzly bears, and other big game found in the Rockies. In Africa he shot four kinds of dangerous game: the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the buffalo.

His trophies he gave to museums and institutes so that other people could see and enjoy them. What he learned about the habits of animals, he recorded in books like his "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" and "Life Histories of African Game Animals."

Another subject about which he knew more than most people was the history of his own country. The first book he ever wrote was a "History of the Naval War of 1812," published two years after he left college. People liked it because it told the truth about the battles in that war. It gave credit to the English soldiers when they deserved it, as well as to the Americans. To-day a copy of this book is kept in the library of every ship in the American navy.

But Roosevelt did more than just write about battles in our history. He fought battles and fought them bravely. At the outbreak of our struggle with Spain, he went to Cuba with a company of Rough-Riders. In the face of heavy fire he led his men up San Juan Hill with

wonderful courage and gallantry. This brave deed alone would have made him a famous man.

He became a great statesman. He was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor of New York State, Vice-President of the United States, and finally President.

As President, he did an important work in securing laws to save our national riches. He realized that if our country was to continue to be "America the beautiful" and "America the prosperous," her forests, mineral lands, waterways, and game must be protected. He also started the building of the Panama Canal, which is the greatest task of its kind that has ever been accomplished.

Now Roosevelt did not become a great man without hard, persistent effort on his part. He was greater than most Americans because he had more "grit." He could overcome greater obstacles.

The first of these was ill-health. As a little boy he was sickly and delicate. He suffered so much from asthma that his parents often took him on trips to find a place where he could breathe.

"One of my memories," he said, in later years, "is of my father walking up and down the room with me in his arms at night, when I was a very

small person, and of sitting up in bed, gasping, with my father and mother trying to help me.”

His eyesight, too, was so bad that he was clumsy and awkward as he moved. When he received his first gun, he was distressed to find that other boys saw things to shoot at which he could not see at all.

Spectacles helped the poor eyesight, but it was his own determination to be a healthy boy that improved his general health. He admired strong men and decided he would not be a weakling.

When he was fourteen, he was sent to find relief from his asthma at Moosehead Lake. On the stage-coach trip thither he met two boys of his own age who kept tormenting him. Theodore tried to fight to protect himself but discovered that either boy alone could handle him easily. Then and there he determined to learn to box, and he began as soon as he had his father's approval. He was at first a very slow and awkward pupil and worked hard for three years before he made much progress. He kept at it, though, through his college days and even after he was President, until he became a strong, robust man with an arm like iron.

Roosevelt did the best he could with what he had. One of his friends has said of him:

“Out of a weak child he made a powerful man.

Out of half blindness he made a boxer, a great reader, and a good shot. Out of a liking for books he made a distinguished writer. Out of a poor voice and awkward manner he made an orator. And out of a sense of duty he made a soldier and a statesman."

It was that very sense of duty to his nation that made Theodore Roosevelt "a real American." He believed in his native land and was eager and fearless in preserving the liberty for which this country stands.

Not long before his death he was called upon to make a great sacrifice. When the United States entered the World War, he sent into the struggle his four sons, whose lives were a thousand times more dear to him than his own. After a few months the news came that the youngest boy, Lieutenant Quentin, had been killed by the Germans in an airplane combat. Colonel Roosevelt never faltered; instead, he said simply and bravely:

"Quentin's mother and I are very glad he got to the front and had the chance to render some service to his country, and to show the stuff there was in him before his fate befell him."

This is the spirit of "a real American"—the spirit of a man who gives his best to the cause of liberty.

JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING

EVERY American is very proud of our soldiers who went to France, there to fight for right and justice and freedom. Our boys were brave and their work brings only honor to their flag and country. The American soldier was admired for his clean looks, for his sprightly step, for his courage, for his kindness to women and children, for his intelligence and his character. He was all that a soldier should be.

These soldiers were taken from field and factory and store and bank, from college and school, from home and business circles. In a few months they had become a mighty army. The drill was severe and the soldiers' duties were many. But the army was planned well, with rules of conduct and standards of bravery clearly defined. So high were our standards that it became a great honor to be in the American army.

The man who led this wonderful army is General John J. Pershing. He had in his mind what a soldier should be. He mapped out a course of training that produced soldiers as they should be. He went to France to learn the needs of the war conditions where our soldiers were to fight. There he planned his army. As hundreds of thousands of soldiers landed, he

knit them together into a great army and in six months of severe fighting that army turned the tide of battle for freedom, justice, and right.

General Pershing is the ideal soldier. His men could look up to him as a model, always. Erect and stalwart, he looks every inch a soldier. A stern face before duty and danger inspires confidence in his officers. That face opens into a kindly, friendly smile when danger passes and friends are by. A gentle heart beats in the soldier breast of General Pershing.

John Joseph Pershing spent his boyhood in Laclede, Missouri. There he went to school. Even as a boy he was noted for his steady purpose and for the bull-dog grip with which he took hold of his work. For example, he set out to get an education in spite of the fact that the family was not wealthy. He got his lessons in school. While he was not as brilliant as some boys, he had the will to stick to it. This made him a leader wherever he went.

He taught school in order to get money to continue his education. One school was for Negro boys which won for him the nickname "Black Jack" Pershing. Then he entered the Kirksville, Missouri, Normal School, still looking forward to becoming a teacher, but yet more to getting the best education. When a call came

for an examination to enter West Point, he decided to try, not so much to get into the army, as to get more education. It was his hope to resign from the army as soon as he had served his country long enough to repay the cost of his education.

As a cadet at West Point, Pershing again came to the front as a leader. He stood a little above the middle of his class in scholarship, a place won by steady work. But he stood first in the class as leader. He was president of his class, the class of '86, chosen to that honor by his classmates. He was cadet captain in his senior year, chosen for that honor by the authorities of the military academy. He was the kind of young man on whom you can always depend. The mark of the leader was on him—the clear eye, the open, steadfast, honest face, the erect figure, the confident step, the fearlessness expressed by his square jaw.

This rare young soldier went out into the United States Army as a second lieutenant in 1886. He fought the Indians and won early mention for merit from his commanding officer, General Niles. Young Lieutenant Pershing led a cavalry troop and a pack train one hundred and forty miles in forty-six hours and brought in every man and every animal in good condition.



General John J. Pershing at the Head of His Troops Passing on Parade Through the Victory Arch, New York, September 10, 1919

The Spanish War in 1898 found him a first lieutenant in the Tenth Cavalry. He was in the same brigade as the Rough Riders under Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, sharing in the battles of San Juan and El Caney. His commanding officer called him the coolest man under fire that he had ever seen. He came out of the war a captain.

Captain Pershing saw much service in the Philippine Islands. He conquered the Moros in a series of brilliant campaigns and was recommended by General Davis for promotion to brigadier general. But promotions come slowly in the army in peace times. President Roosevelt asked Congress to promote Captain Pershing to colonel for his great ability and valuable services. Congress failed to do so. President Roosevelt then appointed him brigadier general, advancing him over 862 officers of higher rank. This was in 1903. After that he was attached to the Japanese army as military observer in the Russo-Japanese War, and later saw more service against the Moros in the Philippines. He again won honors in each field, receiving special mention from Major General J. Franklin Bell then in command of the Philippine field.

General Pershing was not quite 55 years old when he was sent to the Mexican border in 1915.

His task there was very difficult, especially so because he was not allowed to push his campaign into Mexico. But the worth of the man and the soldier and the military leader had by this time been so fully proved that he was selected to lead our army into France. His military judgment was sound and mature. He was yet young enough to endure the hardships of war. He was the tried and true leader to whom we entrusted our untrained boys, and he made them into an army of modern crusaders.

General Pershing has put into the army under him those soldierly qualities which we admire in him. We are happy to believe that if the four million soldier faces of our army could be pressed into one single face, that face would be Pershing. If we could make one model soldier out of all the good things in the American soldiers, that model soldier would be Pershing. How proud America may be and must be of this splendid man!

The moment General Pershing arrived in France his soldierly quality made itself felt. He went there eager to learn from the British and French generals. He was humble but eager. This won the confidence of the Allies. Whatever he learned, he at once taught his army with exactness and thoroughness. As a result our army was able to enter the battle-line well led,

well fed, well clothed, well armed. Our men's health was well cared for by exercise and recreation. The spirit of the army was like the spirit of its commander. The men knew why they had come to France. They did not fight because they loved war but because they loved peace; just so Pershing had entered West Point, not because he wanted to make war a life work, but because he valued the education provided by West Point and hoped to use it in works of peace.

The American soldier brought hope and courage to the war-weary soldiers of the Allies. Their lithe bodies and their steady flow by the hundred thousand into the battle-line expressed the youthful strength of America. In this army of young America John J. Pershing is the model American soldier and man. He expresses the spirit of America—its love of liberty, its championship of justice and right, its youth, its energy, its hope, its courage.

TO THE ALLIES*

HANDS across the sea, brothers!

Hands across the sea!

Here's a flag to fly with yours,

The emblem of the free.

*Reprinted from "Fifes and Drums" by permission of The Vigilantes.

Holy hands of freemen gave it,
Heart and life we pledge to save it,
At your side we lift and wave it,
Now for Liberty!

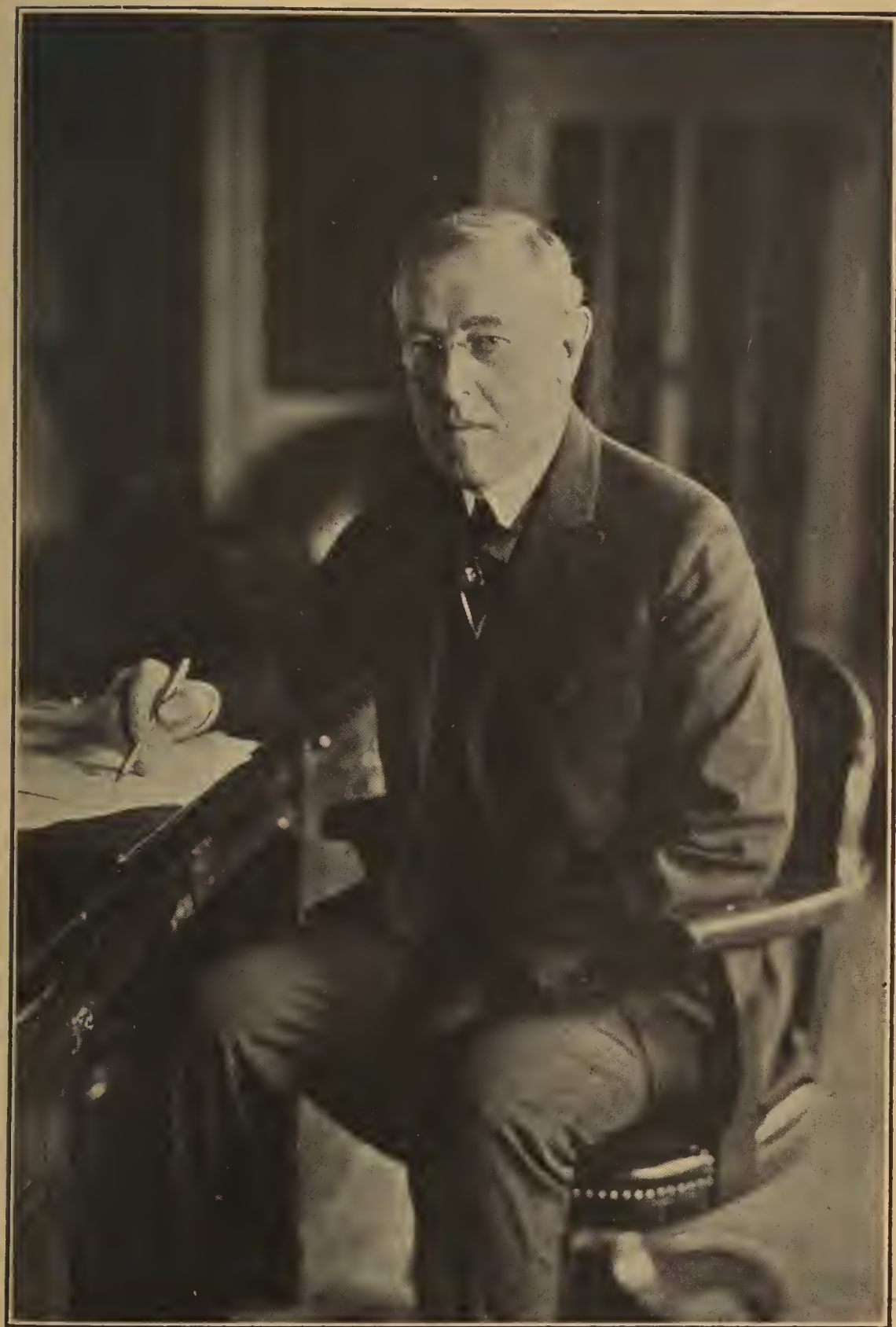
Hands across the sea, brothers!
Hands across the sea!
Here's a sword to draw with yours,
'Gainst monstrous tyranny.
Valiant hearts have beat beneath it,
Deathless laurels still enwreath it.
Sadly, sternly, we unsheathe it,
Now for Liberty.

Hands around the world, brothers!
Hands around the world!
Fling the married colors out,
Never to be furled;
Till the power of Light prevailing,
Vict'ry's heights in triumph scaling,
Sees the power of Darkness, failing,
Down in ruin hurled.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

WOODROW WILSON

AMERICA has always found a man prepared for great deeds whenever the nation was in great



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President Wilson at His Desk in the White House

need. The American Revolution had its Washington to lead its armies through suffering and even through defeat to victory. The young American nation, with its new-won liberty, had the same Washington to guide its first steps in government.

The new American nation had Alexander Hamilton to explain the Constitution. He brought all the colonies into the new union of states. He also gave the new nation a sound business foundation.

The nation had Abraham Lincoln when the union of states was breaking in the strife about slavery. That great, warm-hearted leader was able to make of the United States a more perfect union.

When the War of the Nations came to America in 1917 we had Woodrow Wilson to make known the meaning of American Democracy to all the world. Democracy was his watchword and the oppressed people even in enemy lands rallied to his call.

America is to-day a great nation of free people where every man and woman has a chance to make the most of life. Everyone has a share in the government which seeks the good of all the people. No one person can take away the liberty of others. No one among us has special privi-

leges. We all enjoy liberty equally. We all seek happiness in peace and in prosperity and in justice to all.

America looks out on the nations of the world and sees some who do not enjoy such liberty. Some people are still bound under governments that are cruel. The Armenians were long oppressed by the Turks. Some French people were forced to live under a German government which they disliked. Some Polish people were oppressed by Germans; some by the Russian Czar; some by the Austrians. Some Danish people were forced to become part of Germany. In all these cases the people were denied freedom to choose their own rulers as we do in America.

The War of the Nations began in 1914. The cruel nations, Germany, Austria, Turkey, tried to make their hold on their subjects stronger; the free nations tried to break that hold in order that all people might become free. The world sorely needed a leader who could speak for those people who never had a chance, a leader who could make clear the rights of the common people everywhere. This leader came when America gave Woodrow Wilson.

Woodrow Wilson grew up very much like any other American boy. He lived among the plain people of our Southland, went to the people's

schools, and prepared to do his share of the people's work. But in one thing he was different from many boys. He was interested in government. While he was a student in Princeton College he made a very careful study of the British Government where freedom and liberty were early fought for and won. So this young American college boy prepared himself to become a leader in affairs of government. He wanted to become a leader of the people and gave his time and strength to a study of the needs of the people.

Woodrow Wilson, the man, was first a teacher of government in several colleges and later on ruled a university and governed a state, before he became President of the United States. In every place he has tried to enlarge the rights of the common people. Democracy became more real to the college boys over whom he presided at Princeton University. The people of New Jersey found in him a governor who protected their rights against all forms of wrong and oppression, and gave him gladly to the nation to carry the banner of Democracy proud and high.

So America again had a man prepared for great deeds when our nation was called on to take its place in the great family of nations. Woodrow Wilson is a great world leader because he is

master of history and government. He knows the long story of man's fight against oppression. He knows how Englishmen won their freedom, how Frenchmen fought for their ideal liberty and equality, how Italians became united in a free nation, how Greeks and Romans in other earlier days won and lost their free governments. He knows how government may make sure the rights of the people. And so he speaks for America among all the nations of the earth, making known everywhere the blessings of Democracy.

THE SHIP OF STATE*

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

*Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

OUR YOUNG AMERICANS

THE BOY SCOUT

THE boys who are banded together as Boy Scouts are daily preparing to become good Americans. Their motto is "Be Prepared." That tells much. The true American must "be prepared" with a strong body to defend his country's honor; he must "be prepared" with a trade or useful occupation to do or make something that will be useful to himself and his neighbors; he must "be prepared" with a trained mind to think straight about the Government that it may

protect the weak, check the criminals, and give every honest man a chance. Every boy may make "Be Prepared" his own motto and become a scout, a helper in every place of need.

SCOUT VIRTUES

Scouts are not perfect but they have virtues of which they are proud. They name them in their scout manual and each scout must try to make each virtue his own. Boys who learn these virtues will become the useful and successful citizens of America. They may be scouts or not, but if they have these habits they will "be prepared" to do the best for their country. Here are the scout virtues:

OBEDIENCE is a habit of self-control by which the scout follows the orders of his chief, heeds the requests of his parents, yields to the wishes of his elders, observes the laws of the state. If he learns to obey he may later learn to command. Obedience means that the scout will not let himself do a mean or low act; that he will not let himself tell an untruth; that he will not let himself injure his own health.

COURTESY is politeness; it is kind and respectful speech at all times, to parents, to ladies, to strangers, to friends, to acquaintances, to every-

body. Courtesy also means kind acts to all, giving first place to others, to the weak, the needy, to all persons of importance.

LOYALTY means standing by your side—standing by your country, by your home and all the members of your family. Stand by any organization to which you belong, church, school, club, society or village or city or state. Stand by the truth.

SELF-RESPECT is a feeling that you are too good to be mean. Never accept a “tip.” Money may be accepted as wages or as salary at a rate agreed upon or well known in advance. A “tip” will destroy self-respect.

HONOR means you will do what you agree to do, that you will do and act in all things up to the best that is in you.

FAITHFULNESS TO DUTY requires you to do certain things for your parents, your companions, and your community, because the things should be done, whether you enjoy doing them or not. Chores about the house must be done. Your companions must have your protection. The health and safety of your village must be made sure and strong. Find out your duties, then do each one faithfully.

CHEERFULNESS is happiness that can be felt by your companions. Your smile will cheer

others. Your cheerful words will gladden others. Make others feel your good cheer.

THOUGHTFULNESS is made up of two things: forgetting selfish interests; thinking of the comfort of others. Be sure to include the comfort of animals. A good scout will gladly bear added hardship that dumb animals may not suffer.

HELPING somebody in some way each day is counted the chief scout virtue. "Be Prepared" to do a good turn every day. Wherever you find need, there you find your opportunity.

The scout has twelve points by which he is known. He is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent. Any boy who would be proud to be known by these points may become a Boy Scout.

THE RULES OF THE GAME*

Boys and girls who are good Americans try to become strong and useful, that our country may become ever greater and better. Therefore they obey the laws of right living which the best Americans have always obeyed.

*Adapted from the *Hutchins Morality Code* by permission of The National Institution for Moral Instruction, Inc.

THE LAW OF HEALTH

The Good American Tries to Gain and to Keep Perfect Health.

The welfare of our country depends upon those who try to be physically fit for their daily work. Therefore:

1. I will keep my clothes, my body and my mind clean.

2. I will avoid those habits which would harm me, and will make and never break those habits which will help me.

3. I will try to take such food, sleep, and exercise as will keep me in perfect health.

THE LAW OF SELF-CONTROL

The Good American Controls Himself.

Those who best control themselves can best serve their country.

1. I will control my *tongue*, and will not allow it to speak mean, vulgar, or profane words.

2. I will control my *temper*, and will not get angry when people or things displease me.

3. I will control my *thoughts*, and will not allow a foolish wish to spoil a wise purpose.

THE LAW OF SELF-RELIANCE

The Good American is Self-Reliant.

Self-conceit is silly, but self-reliance is necessary to boys and girls who would be strong and useful.

1. I will gladly listen to the advice of older and wiser people; I will reverence the wishes of those who love and care for me, and who know life and me better than I; but I will learn to think for myself, choose for myself, act for myself.

2. I will not be afraid of being laughed at. I will not be afraid of doing right when the crowd does wrong. Fear never made a good American.

THE LAW OF RELIABILITY

The Good American is Reliable.

Our country grows great and good as her citizens are able more fully to trust each other. Therefore:

1. I will be honest, in word and in act. I will not lie, sneak, or pretend, nor will I keep the truth from those who have a right to it.

2. I will not do wrong in the hope of not being found out. I cannot hide the truth from myself and cannot often hide it from others.

3. I will not take without permission what does not belong to me.

4. I will do promptly what I have promised to do. If I have made a foolish promise, I will at once confess my mistake, and I will try to make good any harm which my mistake may have caused. I will so speak and act that people will find it easier to trust each other.*

WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS.

*Other laws from the *Code* will be found in "The Spirit of America," Books Three and Four.



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